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Selections.

THE PROCLAMATION: HOW TO MAKE IT EFFICIENT.

ADDRESS

BY WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.,

At the Music Hall, Boston, Sunday, January 4, 1863.

Phonographically Reported by J. M. W. YERRINTON.*

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Esq., spoke at the Music Hall, on Sunday morning, Jan. 4, to one of the grandest audiences ever congregated together in this or any other city. Long before the commencement of the services, the immense floor and spacious galleries were filled to overflowing, and hundreds stood in the aisles and at the numerous entrances to the Hall, throughout Mr. Phillips's address, and yet other hundreds turned away disappointed from the doors, unable even to obtain entrance within earshot of the speaker. It was indeed a grand audience—worthy alike of the distinguished orator and his soul-inspiring theme.

After the usual preliminary exercises, Mr. Phillips read the President's Proclamation of January 1st, which makes that a red-letter day for ever in the pages of history, and at its close, adopting the triumphant song of the angels on the plains of Bethlehem, exclaimed, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men." "Amen!" fervently ejaculated some one among the audience, while the general feeling of joy and thanksgiving found vent in spontaneous and irrepressible applause.

Mr. Phillips then commenced his address, which occupied about an hour in the delivery, and was heard with profound attention and absorbing interest to its close. He said:

What can I say, friends, worthy of such an hour and such an audience? For a hundred days your ears have listened to every word from Washington—your hearts have been full of this Proclamation. Every possible phase of thought must have been anticipated; every hope, every fear, canvassed. What can mortal lips add to the anxiety or to the joy of twenty million of people? This is the second time that I have spoken under the United States banner. Nearly two years ago, for the first time in my life, I was overshadowed by it in this hall, when the first gun—the first slave gun—was fired at Sumter. Twenty months or more have rolled away, and for the first time that slave gun is answered. The President's Proclamation is the retort of freedom upon that first onset of the slave system against our nationality. Fitting it is that at last, to-day, we should surround ourselves again with the emblems of the Union.

> "No more its flaming emblems wave
> To bar from hope the trembling slave."

During these long and weary months, the hand of the people has groped its way—tireless, but still groping, amid the delays of law-givers, the chicanery of cabinets, the prejudices of the President—until at last it grasps the hilt of the weapon firmly, and unsheaths the glittering blade. What the result is to be, God only knows. Our rejoicing to-day is, that at last the nation unsheaths its sword, and announces its determined purpose to be a nation. The French minister said: "I know you have the power; I know as well that you will never dare to use it." To-day, America answers to that taunt. She takes her first step in the pathway of using the right which belongs to her.

What vast progress in these two years! What immense progress! And all of it the PEOPLE'S progress. My hope to-day in reading that Proclamation is, because I look upon it as wrung by the determined heart of the masses from the reluctance of leaders. I say, the PEOPLE are fighting this battle; and this Proclamation—the first step, only the first step in the direction of a Union that every man may rightfully love and die for—this Proclamation is the reluctant gift of the leaders to the masses. Two years of mere claim on the part of the people has driven the government to this point. I believe in success, because I believe that in another year, that same determined heart of the people will drive the government to the very goal. Look at it! Two years ago—hardly two years ago—the Congress of the United States almost unanimously resolved that this war had nothing whatever to do with slavery; that the non-slaveholding States had no constitutional right to legislate upon or to interfere with slavery in the States of this Union; that those persons in the North who did not subscribe to this proposition were too insignificant in numbers and influence to excite the serious attention or alarm of any portion of the people; and that the increase of their numbers did not keep pace with the aggregate increase of the population of the Union. On the very day that Congress, in such terms, proclaimed to the world that there was something more sacred than Nationality, and that was Bondage—on that very day, the man whose name I have read with so much triumph at the close of this Proclamation left his home in Springfield to take charge of the destinies of the Republic; and the first word that the expectant nation heard from his lips was at Cleveland, when he pledged himself to sustain and to execute the Fugitive Slave law of the Republic. Disguised and hunted, he reached the Capital of the Union, and the first word heard from his General, as he entered Virginia, was a pledge to put down insurrection "with an iron hand." Two years ago! Months rolled on, and from his besieged outpost in Missouri, Fremont uttered the statesman word fit and able to cure the evils of the Republic, and a timid Cabinet hastened to cashier him. But their place and Fremont's in history the old proverb fixes—"What the fool does finally, the wise man does at once." Time rolled on, and again and again the heart of the nation sickened over conciliation and submission. The President of the United States, on the 22d of September, dared only to say to the rebel, in the voice of Congress, "If you rebel, we confiscate; keep on in your treason, and we punish, for we will take from you the slave that gives you bread." Then, turning half round, with a side glance at the anxious millions who watched his countenance, all he could say to them was—"In case you should be freed, would you promise to go instantly away?" The 22d day of September, 1862, after Bull Run and Ball's Bluff, Corinth and Pea Ridge, after defeats and victories, after insults from abroad and outrages at home, the nation reached only that understanding of its position which attempted to punish treason by taking away its strength. The first day of January dawned, and the bright sun brings us a different message. Mark you! this Proclamation is not the punishment of rebels. It is no echo of the statutes of Congress, saying that if in certain localities there be a traitor, the Union will clutch from him the means of harming us. It is no sidelong appeal to a nuisance, to a burden, to an intrusive race, to take itself away from the thick of the conflict. O no; it is the act of a great nation, linking its cause to the throne of the Almighty, proclaiming liberty as an act of justice, and abolishing a system found to be inconsistent with the perpetuity of the Republic (applause). It does not say, "The slaves of rebels are emancipated." It says, "Every slave in rebel States is a free man. We believe it to be dictated by justice; we know it to be essential to the safety of the country." "Will you go away, if I venture to free you?" said the President on the 22d of September. "May I colonize you among the sickly deserts or the vast jungles of South America?" On the first day of January, he says to the same four million, "Let me colonize you in the forts of the Union, and put rifles in your hands! (Applause.) Give us your labor to hold up the structure of the Republic! Give us your hand to defend the perpetuity of the Union!" To that colonization I have no criticism to suggest (applause).

Progress! Ordinarily, we must take some microscope to watch it. We watch the dial, and seem to see no change in the shadow, though we know that at last twelve o'clock will come. So it is with the race, unless we take in the sweep of ages. But here one must project himself afar from the present in order to get distance sufficient to take in the majestic proportions of the edifice which rises amid the clouds of the battle-field (loud applause). The distinguishing element and great characteristic of the act of the first of January is, that it recognizes, for the first time in our struggle, not that the slave of a particular person may be taken from him, but that slavery as an institution, the polity of States, is inconsistent with the life of the Union, and incompatible with the success of the government. At last, nationality means justice; the Union is synonymous with liberty. The crisis of that long struggle which Mr. Lincoln proclaimed, in June, 1858, as then going on, and which he said could only cease in the triumph of one section or the other—a struggle between different portions of a nation half slave and half free, and which he said must become either wholly slave or wholly free—at last, the crisis of that struggle is over, and the voice of the nation proclaims that hereafter it is to be *wholly free!* (Enthusiasm.) "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Here we set up our Ebenezer." The long doubt whether this flag meant liberty is ended. The people never doubted it. The masses always meant it; but the Cabinet, the leaders of both parties meant it not. I am not certain that they mean it to-day. The great effort of all our politicians, Republican and Democratic, up to this hour, has been to preserve the Union with the slightest change possible. As far as interest in the battle went, the Democrat had as keen a heart for the contest, and keener, than the Republican. The new Governor of the Empire State means as loyally as ours does, that this Union to the Gulf shall be preserved; but the difference between his creed and that of Massachusetts is, he holds that the Union is to be preserved, if possible, by submission to the rebels, by conciliation, that shall bring back the Union as it was; while the Bay State scorns submission and tramples conciliation under her feet.

Now, revolutions never go back, but they oscillate. It is by no means certain whether that Proclamation is to be law to-day or ten years hence. Men make a distinction whether they wish slavery or the Union the object of this war. If a man bounds his view within ten years, there is a difference; if he looks a generation ahead—thirty years—there is no difference. Slavery existing, there can be no Union; slavery abolished, there can be no disunion (applause). No other power can keep these States apart. Root up that system, and like kindred drops we must melt together. Battle-fields, like that of Manassas rankling in the heart of the North, battle-fields like that of Corinth writing defeat on the brow of the rebels, are both and all of them the cement of a more enduring Union. Out of this bloody contest is to come a mutual respect between the sections, such as has never existed since 1776. The battles fought together against a foreign foe cemented the Union of '87; and the North and South, fighting, as they think, the one for liberty and the other for bondage, are the upper and nether millstone—the mill of God, grinding slavery to atoms. The battle between such sections is but the prelude to a reconciliation which precedes an immortal marriage. The Union of the future is to be as indestructible as the granite that underlies the continent; and the cement is not to be what Webster called it, the blood of the slave; it is the blood of the brave hearts that have made Virginia more than equal to Belgium, the battle-field of a purer contest, now drenched in the blood of this sublime struggle for a Union worthy to lead the world.

I said, that the significance of this hour was, that it was the people's triumph. In defiance of the Cabinet and of Major-Generals, over the head of the President, their irresistible will has carried this measure. Remember, the same means that *secured* must watch to make it efficient. Without fitting measures, this paper is worth little to our generation. I dare not yet fully believe that the *heart* either of the President or of his Cabinet is in this Proclamation. I say to the masses, Watch! Save your own child! If your vigilance, your tireless urging fail, the hour and measure are lost. Long before this, there should have been created a "Bureau of Freedmen," to guard and aid the advent of these millions into the condition of freemen. We have Bureaus to guard the rights of Indians. Here are four million about to be born into the State. How absurd this childish bo-peep game of the Executive to keep his purpose a secret—the only secret ever yet kept at Washington—when Congress ought to have spent the last thirty days in maturing the machinery which should make this change in our social and civil life easy, peaceful, like the still gliding of a noble vessel off well prepared stocks into her native element. Work enough, then, for the future. Open and secret foes watch now every misstep, every short-coming of the negro, to make it matter of accusation against this measure and discredit it in the nation's eyes, to cloud our faith and perplex our steps. The *usual* aid of government should have been at hand to avert such perils. Watch, then, your leaders with Argus eyes! Keep a hundred hands constantly stretched out to drag them onward in the right path which so many of them hate!

Yet for all this, I am hopeful. All that blunders in the Cabinet and in the field could do to kill our cause has been done. All that treason could do in either place has been done. As Boerhaave said of doctors, "there were some good ones, but the world's health would be better if the whole profession were abolished," so, spite of Hooker and Burnside and Hunter, if every West Pointer had betrayed us openly and at once, we should have saved millions of money, thousands of lives, and months of time. Still I hope. Our cause, like everything divine, is "vital in every part, and cannot, but by *annihilating*, die." It does not seem possible this territory can have, finally, more than one government; and if so, we must be that government; for brains, justice, God are on our side. Every natural law works for us. We have secured the laws of the universe on our side. Every broken heart prays for us. The poor and the friendless are sacred. Once their curses weighed us down. Now the blessing of him that was ready to perish is come upon us, for we break the jaws of the wicked, and pluck the spoil out of his teeth. Surely, now we shall die in our nest, and multiply our days like the sand. I have no doubt, therefore, of the absolute future. The only question is, what this proclamation means, and how much it will do for us now. It is not so much a step onward as it is launching into a new channel. Let the news of it reach Europe before France and England have *decided* on intervention, and it will probably leave us our whole field in future untroubled by any foreign interference. What nation will earn the scorn of the world and of all time by marshalling her banners against a flag which now means justice to the oppressed, and liberty to the most hapless of races?

I am not to stop here, to-day, to argue the rightfulness of this Proclamation. The slave is either a man or a thing. If he is a man, the Union in its utmost peril has a right to enroll all its citizens. If he is a thing, the Union in its utmost peril has a right to every dollar within its grasp (applause). No matter, in which light you consider him—the right of the nation to his service and his right hand is perfect on either. Bear that for ever in memory! Let no chicanery of politicians make you forget the alternative. The father of that General who now looks into the eyes of Burnside, from the other bank of the Rappahannock, a bankrupt, built his house on the dividing line betwixt Maryland and Virginia, in order to avoid arrest from either. Just so the statesmanship of the South and Democracy put the slave on the dividing line betwixt property and citizenship, and defy us to use him. This proclamation avoids the question. It calls upon the slave, in the name of justice, to fight for the nation that asks his aid. The "everlasting negro," of whom politicians begged God to deliver them from—what is that? (Holding up the proclamation.) The nation at his feet, after two years of unavailing struggle, asking his weight in our scale to insure victory! (Applause.) Nationality! It is built up of races. The despised negro, for whom we hardly hoped to open a door wide enough, amid the prejudices of contending races, to admit him, comes in with sound of trumpet, an army with banners, in the terror of the conflict to insure us success.

Let me advert to one other idea. We are either a nation, or we are not. If we are a nation—if we are really a unit—if, like England and France, we are one people, indivisible,—then—mark me! no parchment, even if it attempted the task, could bar us from the use of any power within our reach to save the nationality. Men say, the Constitution forbids this Proclamation. If we are a nation, no agreement of one generation can bar us from saving our nationality. Do you suppose any agreement could bar the Queen of England or the Emperor of France from saving his country in the hour of peril? How absurd! If the shores of England were beleaguered by the fleets of Europe, do you suppose the Settlement of 1688 would hold Palmerston or Russell from hurling unconstitutional thunderbolts if they would sink Napoleon to the bottom of the channel? The nation knows no limits. *Salus populi suprema lex.* "The safety of the *people* is the highest law." If we have not this right—if we are not a nation—if we are merely a confederacy, then secession is right. Another alternative;—please bear it in your minds. If we have not the right to draft every living man, use every current dollar, in the way the nation pleases, we are not a nation; and if we are not a nation, then South Carolina has a right to secede, and every gun fired by the President is an unprincipled attack on the sovereignty of the States. If, therefore, you doubt the power of the nation to issue that paper, stop the war. Begin a nationality, however small. If it only includes this peninsular, begin! If it is only Plymouth Rock, begin! If it is only New England, begin! The vigor of a nationality, once begun, will cover the continent. A confederacy is a nuisance (applause).

These are the corner-stones of that Proclamation. Everything that attacks it admits the right of South Carolina. If we are a people, that is but the simplest act of our power. Well, what is it to do? Is it a "Pope's bull at the comet"? Let us see. One thing it has done—it has opened a million lips. Not pulpit lips, not speech-maker's lips. Since the Proclamation, *Generals* talk fanaticism, at the head of armies (applause). Banks has found out, at the mouth of the Mississippi, that the gun at Sumter proclaimed Emancipation (applause). Between you and me, how well he has kept that secret for twenty months! (Laughter.) Let us all hope he will be as successful in keeping his war plans secret in time to come. Generals talk abolition at the head of armies. How much Butler has improved on his invention of "Contrabands"! Let us not name him without joining our voices to the whole loyal North in glad recognition of his efficient services at New Orleans, raising our name in the judgment of all thinking men on both sides of the ocean, and earning for himself an honorable page in our history. The slave and his friends have had cause to criticise him. No other man has had any. His frank and noble speeches of late go far to balance the account, and put him in a fair way to earn even the slave's forgiveness. Our voice is to be the proclamation of cannon. Battles are fought now for justice. Will the slave fall into rank? I think so. I have little faith in the extreme limits of what are called the distinction of races. I find very narrow limits to those differences. Men say the Roman stands at the head of the catalogue, and the Indian and the Negro at the very foot. But I remember, that when Roman liberty was at its last gasp, the culminating vigor of the Roman character was in Cato at Utica, when he gathered his friends around him and said—"The Republic is over. There is nothing left for us but to die!" "The last utterance of freedom," says History. Go with me to Jamaica, two hundred years ago, when white feet pressed the soft Indian of the tropics back, back, through his woods—hunted, meted out, trodden down, starving with hunger, and finally driven to bay—and I will show you a Cacique, Cato-like, assembling the last twenty of his tribe around him, to say, in the words of the Roman—"Liberty is over. Brothers, there is nothing left for us but to die!" And together the twenty Catos of the tropics imitated the Roman at Utica (sensation). How slight is the distinction of race! The Roman Captain, when Nero bade him stab his own heart, turned pale, until his wife seized the dagger, and, bathing it in her own blood, said—"Petus! it is not so hard to die!" So, too, when the French tyrant ordered a negro of St. Domingo to take his own life, and he faltered, his wife seized the sword, and, inflicting a death wound, turned to her husband, saying—"Husband! life is worth nothing when liberty is gone!" (Profound sensation.) How near are the races to each other! The Indian of the tropics,—the Negro of the plantation,—the Roman of Utica,—and the Patriot of the Cæsars! Where in Greek, Roman, English or Italian story is there a more statesmanlike champion of Nationality than our brave, sad Philip of Pokanokit? Yes, the negro will fight. But the Proclamation has a deeper meaning than that. This war is not a war of artillery, McClellan to the contrary notwithstanding. It is a war of ideas—it is a war of proclamations—infinitely more potent than cannon. What does this Proclamation mean? It means this: Mr. Lincoln excepts portions of Virginia, he excepts Tennessee, he excepts the lower Counties of Louisiana. If it were possible for a little man in a great place to make a mistake, this had been a great one. But it is not possible to make a mistake. He cannot open his mouth in this hour, and not say Justice; he cannot move his hand, and not secure Victory. He must fight well who beats the North and Justice allied together (enthusiasm). What care the Counties of Louisiana whether they are excepted by the Proclamation or not? With every surrounding locality free, how can they keep their slaves? At least, while the battle rages in Tennessee, it had been better to throw into our scale from one hundred to two hundred thousand slaves. And yet, that is but the hesitation of a timid man. The Border States, after all, are nothing; mere bobs of the kite, North or South; mere counters, belonging to whichever party sweeps the board; mere pawns on the chessboard; nothing but the floating mud of the Mississippi, which the high tide carries North or South at its pleasure. They have not the possibility of making a nation, or of standing alone, any more than the silk floss that floats on an electrical machine. Virginia! She belongs to us. What carried her South? Why, her manufactures. She breeds slaves, and of course adheres to the buyers. The white Virginian—what is he? A pedlar of babies in the Southwest (applause). Of course, when the market seceded, he went with it (renewed applause). This Proclamation abolishes the market, (great enthusiasm), and Virginia, without a Burnside, gravitates back where she belongs—to the North. In the opening of this struggle, there came to my parlor a Florida slaveholder, to ask what we thought of this contest, and I said—"Will the Border States join you?" "Join us! The devil take them, let them go to you; they don't belong to us," was the reply. "We don't want them. We can't keep them. They belong to you. They are nothing but a weakness." The moment you take out the bottom of a bucket, the contents fall to the ground. The Gulf States are the bottom. Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, are not slave States, properly speaking. The system is dead there, but for the stone wall South, which keeps it from dying, and being decently buried; and this Proclamation, when it abolishes the market, is in fact,—as an act, not as a principle,—the abolition of slavery in the United States, all through (applause).

I know the distinction between emancipating slaves and abolishing the system. The President conceives that he has a right to free slaves, but not to change laws; that he has a right to emancipate this generation of slaves, but not to forbid the holding of slaves in the separate States. It is doubtless a distinction; but with this English race of ours, it amounts to nothing, because we have never had a struggle, in England or here, that began at the outset with the study of a principle. They all began in a case—with an individual. We cure the evil, and then let posterity, if it finds occasion, attend to the principle. For instance: England, in her great Revolution, began with a question of ship-money—whether the Stuarts had a right, without Parliament, to make John Hampden pay twenty shillings. He said, No; the courts said, Yes; and he paid it. Out of that grew the civil war. But do you suppose that civil war meant only ship-money? Do you suppose that Cromwell dashed into the field at Naseby, against the cohorts of Rupert, crying—"Pay me back that ship-money, with six per cent. interest!" No, indeed. That was but the root out of which grew the power of the King to do acts without the consent of the people. When the Revolution began, it was "Ship-money"; but when it ended, it was "Democracy" (applause). So it is with us. We began with declaring certain slaves of rebels free; and if you had taken your cue from the actual orders at headquarters, you would have supposed that the war-cry of the nation was—"Give us back Sumter, and make Anderson a healthy man again, and you may come in." But it did not mean that. It meant Massachusetts, starting on the 19th of April, through the bloody streets of Baltimore, to colonize the Carolinas; and she will not stop until it is done (applause). No, not if she stays fifty years; no, not if the energy of the fight shall divide the Union for a generation. The Union is an indestructible fact; no battles can divide it (applause.)

> "Rain is the strife! when its fury is past,
> Our future will move in one channel at last,
> As torrents that rush from the mountains of snow
> Roll mingled in peace through the valleys below.
>
> "Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky,
> Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts the die;
> Though clouded with slaughter or cloven with steel,
> The blue arch will brighten, the waters will heal.
>
> "O Caroline! Caroline! child of the sun,
> There are battles with fate that can never be won;
> The star-flowering banner will never be furled,
> For its blossoms of light are the hope of the world."

(Loud applause.)

Virginia and the Border States know well that, to the statesman, the significance of this proclamation is, that it takes out the cement which binds them to the future of the South. The heart of the rebellion—it is not Richmond; that is only a limb; the heart of the rebellion is the rich soil of Alabama and Mississippi, which supplies the markets of the world and keeps up the demand for what Carolina and Virginia manufacture—slaves; and the moment Banks and Hunter shall say to the blacks, in the language of this proclamation, "The ranks of the army are open to you," the moment we garrison forts and arm vessels with black men—in other words, the moment we acknowledge the manhood of the negro, and pledge to him the immortal future of the Union, that moment we sever the bond that holds the Border States to their allegiance to the Gulf. This proclamation may be good for nothing to-day. I do not know that it will be vital a year hence. If Mr. Lincoln is as slow this year as he has been the past, a Democratic Administration will follow him, and conciliate the South with a Supreme Court that will try to set it aside. All within the range of an easy possibility. I am not certain, even yet, that Mr. Lincoln does not cling to the Union with a firmer grasp than to his own proclamation; and I fear that the Democratic party would gladly set it aside, and make a Union as like as possible to the last. So speaks the Empire State; at least by the voice of her Capital, if not by her Counties. But whether they mean it or not, it is impossible that it should ever come to pass for more than a moment; because there is something, even to the Northern millions, more precious than Union, and that is—HONOR. We have bound that motto [the proclamation] on our frontlet. The basest nation that ever formed a footstool for a European despot would disdain a compromise which took back that pledge to a proscribed and hapless race (applause). We may be beaten until Burnside encamps north of Lake Ontario; but while New England rests on granite, the black race is sure of its freedom (enthusiasm). I know what you can say; "McClellan tried nothing, and succeeded; Burnside attempted something, and failed" (prolonged applause). Well, I had rather have Burnside's failure than McClellan's success (renewed applause). That proclamation was written and signed in the blood that crimsoned the Rappahannock. That defeat guaranteed it to us forever. Yes; and looking back—though no single consideration excuses the Cabinet a moment—we can see the footsteps of God. If we had met decided success within the first six months, doubtless the South would have emancipated, summoned Europe to her side, and perhaps been able to maintain her independence. If it is true that the intervening months have hardened the South, by victory and defeat, into a nationality, at the same time, every flap of the Northern flag has lifted a slave into manhood, so that he comes to us half a soldier, even now (applause).

I know what men say about our President's omitting Tennessee from his list of rebel States, and sparing certain Louisiana districts. No matter; he is only stopping on the edge of Niagara to pick up and save a few chips. He and they will go over together. I know also the threats of the Democratic party—the party of reaction. But they will not save any more chips than he. The mighty current is too strong for any reluctance of individuals or mad ambition of desperate parties. Saints and sinners, we are all borne onward; and even if some eddy or close nook or a few years may delay our progress, the result is certain. God's hand has launched the nation on a voyage whose only port is Liberty. Neither the reluctance of the captain, nor a mutiny of the cabin boys, will matter much. And this is why I, once a disunionist, cling to the Union. Once it had neither the right nor the wish to interfere with slavery. Then we sought to break it. That Sumter cannon gave it the *right*—the *right of war*. Every day since has ripened the *wish*. A blundering and corrupt Cabinet has made it at last an *inevitable necessity*—Liberty or Death!—Liberty to the slave or death to the Union. The cowardice of Webster's followers in the Cabinet has turned his empty rhetoric into solemn truth, and now honest men are not only at liberty, but bound, to live and die under his motto—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

But what is this that I am saying? Union! An idle word, whether on the lips of Lincoln or Seymour. Man does not make Unions, and it is hardly possible for man to break them. One would think, by the way in which men talk, that a Union was made by parchment; as if marriage did not consist of loving hearts, but of an imposing ceremony, and a certificate filed with the Town Clerk; as if a Union was made up of pieces of paper. Why does Connecticut never talk of seceding from Massachusetts? As well might one of the Siamese twins secede from the other; as well might one drop of Massachusetts Bay, from the north of Winthrop's Island, secede from another south of it. The moment you have made these people respect each other, the moment you have made the South recognize the fact that the North has an idea, and will fight for it; that her idea includes the justice of God and the approval of man, prosperity and progress, vigor and faith; that moment Carolina will cling closer to Massachusetts than to Cuba, where she now belongs; and then, without a Convention at Philadelphia, without a *Courier* or a *Herald*, without a Democrat or a Republican, this race—one in blood, one in history, one in interest, one in pride, one in hope—will be one in government, indestructibly.

But, after all, what is the President's proclamation to us? Nothing but a step in the progress of a people, rich, prosperous, independent, in spite of the world. But let me open for you the huts of three million of slaves, and what is that proclamation there? It is the sunlight, scattering the despair of centuries. It is a voice like that of God, giving the slave the right to work and to walk, the right to child and to wife. It is a word that makes the prayers of the poor the corner-stones of the Republic. Other nations since Greece have built their nationality on a Thermopylæ, or a great name—a victory, or a knightly family. Our corner-stone, thank God! is the blessings of the poor. Our flag floats in the prayers of four million, till now broken-hearted bondmen, who hail it as the pledge of their redemption. Think of the negro mother as she looks down to-day on the free child nestling in her arms! Let us pour out our hearts with hers in thanks to her Father and ours. The hut of the Carolinas! They may curse that paper in ceiled houses; but the blessings of the poor bear it up to the throne of God. Our flag floats forever in the thanksgiving of the slave. I know it will succeed. Such a breeze never wafted a banner to defeat. The old slave, who sought the "Kingfisher," in the Gulf of Mexico, thirty miles from the shore, in a wretched skiff of boards, rudely nailed together, when the commander asked him—"Why, didn't you know that a breath would have sent you to the bottom?" said—"Lor, massa, God Almighty never brought me down here to send me to the bottom." So, God never brought the Union of 1787 to the height of this act, to sunder it in pieces! (Enthusiastic applause.)

> "Then sail thou on, O Ship of State!
> Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
> Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
> Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
> Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
> Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
> Are all with thee—are all with thee!"

(Loud and prolonged applause.)

THE ABOLITIONISTS.—I am often reminded of what our friend, and the devoted friend of the slave, Caroline Weston, said to me in conversation some sixteen or more years ago, to this end; that, "when the day should come for the consummation of our great object in the freedom of the slave, others would step in and take the laurels and glory of the victory; and that we, Abolitionists, must expect only reproach and self-sacrifice." How truly is this being verified! But this is also true, that the reward of a good conscience cannot be taken away, and that the sacrifices made by the friends of the oppressed and downtrodden slaves of our land will be remembered and appreciated by the good and virtuous in all coming time.—*Daniel Ricketson, in the Liberator.*

THE PROBLEM OF FREE LABOR IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Tuesday, Dec. 23, 1862.

THE contrabands, who keep flocking into our lines to the tune of sometimes 200 a day, tell us that the rebels have determined to make a desperate stand at Port Hudson, all the farm houses and roads for a great distance round being fortified, while the height of the bluff there will present much difficulty to the operation of our gunboats. This arm of our service has nevertheless done such marvellous things before, that nobody here entertains any doubt whatever as to the ultimate fate of the place whenever we doom it to fall. Any one listening to the story of these contrabands, witnessing their open joy at the approach of our troops, and their desperate efforts to escape into our lines, finds it very difficult to believe what so many Northern sympathizers tell us—that the slaves are too fond of Dixie to wish to leave it. Two of them, while making their escape from it, a day or two ago, were fired at when within three miles of our lines. One was killed, and the other reached our camp, faint and bleeding from a wound in his shoulder.

Affairs in New Orleans just now, upon the mere surface, are going on as smoothly as possible, but there are vast elements, known to be at work beneath, which invests everything here with the most intense interest. The near approach of the momentous 1st of January—the doubts and surmises as to the state of mind in which that day will find the colored population—the division of public sentiment as to the removal of Gen. Butler—the speculations, *pro* and *contra*, as to whether Gen. Banks is either able or willing to hold rebellion down as firmly as his predecessor, or whether, like some deadly and explosive material long confined by force, it is not, on the removal of the pressure, about to rend and destroy all barriers opposed to it—are questions which afford food enough for the thoughtful.

As to the first—the questions involved in the President's first of January proclamation—I confess I see not the remotest idea for entertaining any of those fears—which many intelligent men do—of the colored population exhibiting on that day anything approaching a spirit of enmity or insubordination against the ruling authorities, and for the very simple reason that they have no cause or inducement whatever. I do not believe there is a single colored man in New Orleans, or within many miles of it, who does not—to all intents and purposes—*look upon himself as a freeman already;* and as there is no intention on anybody's part to go and kidnap them on the 1st of January, any demonstration among them could only be such a jubilee as they are in the habit of enjoying every first of August in the North.

One apparently trifling, but, to my view, exceedingly significant fact, came to my knowledge yesterday. Hearing accidentally that the negroes of New Orleans were having some allegorical images carved, illustrative of their emancipation on the 1st of January, and to be used, in some way or other, on that day, I immediately sought the opportunity of seeing them. On going to the little workshop of the carver—on Julia street, quite close to Gen. Banks's headquarters—and inquiring about the matter, I was shown by the artist (a jolly and rotund old German) into a back room, when he pointed to his handiwork, chuckling merrily as he did so. Before me stood two wooden figures, one male and the other female, and both the size of life. The heads, hands and a portion of the arms were finished in the artist's best style, and painted dark, but the bodies were mere shapeless blocks, presenting nothing but the roughest outline of the human form, as they were intended to be clothed.

"What are they going to do with them?" I asked.

"Vell, you see, ven the 1st of January comes, dey will have one grand room to put dem in. Dar is de yoke to go round de necks"—and, getting a wooden yoke, made expressly for the purpose, he put it to the necks of the figures, uniting them like a pair of oxen. "Den we shall put chains also to de foots," continued the enthusiastic old man. "Vell, dey will have one grand dinner, and ven dey have done de wine and gumbo, and what not, de shairman he will get up and say dey are all free, and knock de chain from de foots and de yoke from de necks like zat"—and suiting the action to the word, he gave the yoke a blow which sent it at the feet of the figures, exclaiming at the time: "And by ——, I tink dey are right."

Two of Gen. Banks's Staff officers had come in to see this grand work of art—the fame of which had already got bruited about—and were just in time to hear the above explanation. On being asked whether the negroes intended to get up any public demonstration, our informant said decidedly, "No"; that it was intended to be quite a private affair, and that no white men were expected to take any part whatever in the proceedings. Whether or not the authorities will think it right to prohibit a meeting of any description, public or private, of which these allegorical figures may form the central interest, I have not yet heard positively, but I think the chances are ten to one that the use of these emblems will be suppressed *in toto*. The right or the wrong of doing so will be for others to argue and determine.

There is one question here of great interest to our Northern capitalists, and which I do not remember to have seen publicly brought before them. I mean the splendid opportunities now open to Northern capital and enterprise in the sugar plantations of Louisiana. Those Northern teachers of political economy whose sympathy with a slaveholding aristocracy, or ignorance of the real state of affairs here, induces them to ridicule all idea of employing free labor upon Southern plantations, are only hoodwinking the public with their doctrines. "Look at Jamaica," they say. "See what freedom has done in that island. Once let the slave be free, and he ceases forever to work." The only answer to this assertion is, that whatever may or may not be the result of freedom in the tropics, where a semi-savage can afford to be content with nakedness for his clothing, and where prolific nature drops bread from the very trees, almost without the trouble of plucking, the argument has nothing to do with negroes living in a climate like that of Louisiana. Here a free negro—whether he wishes to or not—*must* work to put food into his mouth and raiment upon his body.

Starting with that fact as an axiom, and adding to it that other fact I have before mentioned—and which will very shortly reduce itself to an axiom also—viz., that the negroes of Louisiana are *already*, to all intents and purposes, as free as they ever can be, it becomes interesting to men of enterprise, both in the North and South, to study how they can turn the present state of things to the best account. That a negro is going to work as well in freedom as he did under the lash in slavery nobody believes; but it is equally wrong to imagine that his labor is to lose all value if he loses his fetters, and that it is not possible for machinery and other appliances of human ingenuity (even supposing the negro works only half as well) to get out of these splendid lands far more wealth of produce than they ever yielded under the old state of things.

I have taken some trouble to inquire into this matter among those best acquainted with the subject, and never before were such tempting chances open to enterprise and capital. The fact is that seven-tenths of the planters here are insolvent, and many were so through their own extravagance long before the war commenced. The most magnificent estates that, in palmy days, could only be held by the wealthy, are now so ate up by mortgage and neglect as to be within reach of the small capitalist.

A Southern gentleman, well known and respected, in this community, has propounded a plan to me which appears to deserve public attention. Seeing, as many other intelligent Southerners do, that slavery, as an institution, is doomed forever, he has set his wits to work to see how, out of its shattered fragments, may be collected the materials to graft upon free labor. His plan is to reorganize labor upon something similar to what is known as the COMMUNITY OR WHALING system—viz., to make the producers jointly interested with the capitalists.

To illustrate the probable working of his plan, let us take a plantation of 75 hands, which usually makes, under good management, 750 hogsheads, worth now, with the molasses, $75,000. This estate, with all its mules, carts, implements, machinery, etc. (the interest of which, in former times, at 7 per cent., would have been at least $20,000), can now be rented for $10,000. The cash expenses of the year would be as follows:

75 hands—food and clothing ($1 50 per week each)	$5,850 00
Other cash expenses	4,200 00
Total	$10,050 00

All the other cash expenses of the year are prospective, can be met out of the crop, and will amount to $15,000 or $25,000 in all; deducting which from $75,000, leaves a net profit of $50,000. This profit is proposed to be divided as follows:

To the free laborers, about $214 each	$16,000 00
To the capitalist and managers	34,000 00
Total	$50,000 00

But suppose the negroes only produce half a crop. In that case the expenses would be reduced to $20,000, leaving the capitalist and managers nearly $12,000, or over one hundred per cent. on the capital actually used.

I am credibly informed that this free-labor system is already in operation here, and working admirably. On the Kinmore plantation, 75 white hands (who says nobody but negroes can work here?) got off 100 hogsheads in twelve days, worth, with molasses, about $11,000. The Ashton plantation, with 80 free negroes, got off 140 hogsheads in seven days; and others in the same manner that I could go on enumerating. The subject admits of endless illustration, and I propose to come back to it when I have visited some of the plantations, which I hope to in a day or two, to see the practical working of the system. It is not only a social but commercial revolution of great magnitude, and of which we cannot tell the result till we see Yankee steam-plows and Yankee steam everything at work in the fat delta of the Mississippi.

GEN. BUTLER FOR THE EXTERMINATION OF SLAVERY.

[*The Times* gives the following report of remarks made by Gen. Butler to a Committee of citizens of New York, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, on Thursday evening, Jan. 8.]

WITH reference to the slavery question, his views had undergone a radical change during his residence at New Orleans, and while entertaining no prejudices against his old political associates, who found fault with him on that score, he would only say to them that if they had gone there with the same sentiments that he felt, they would have come away with the same sentiments that he felt [laughter]. He thought he might say that the principal members of his staff, and the prominent officers of his regiments, without any exception, went out to New Orleans Hunker Democrats of the hunkerest sort, for it was but natural that he should draw around him those whose views were similar to his own, and every individual of the number had come to precisely the same belief on the question of slavery as he had put forth in his farewell address to the people of New Orleans. This change came about from seeing what all of them saw, day by day. In this war, the entire property of the South was against us, because almost the entire property of the South was bound up in that institution. This was a well-known fact, probably, but he did not become fully aware of it until he had spent some time at New Orleans. The South had $163,000,000 of taxable property in slaves, and $163,000,000 in all other kinds of property. And this was the cause why the merchants of New Orleans had not remained loyal. They found themselves ruined—all their property being loaned upon planters' notes and mortgages upon plantations and slaves, all of which property is now reasonably worthless. Again, he had learned what he did not know before, that this was not a rebellion against us, but simply a rebellion to perpetuate power in the hands of a few slaveholders. At first he had not believed that slavery was the cause of the rebellion, but attributed it to Davis, Slidell and others, who had brought it about to make political triumphs by which to regain their former ascendancy.

The rebellion was against the humble and poorer classes, and there were in

been made by English and French residents of Louisiana upon the government for slaves alleged to have been seized [applause].

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1863.

CORRESPONDENTS will greatly oblige us by a careful observance of the following directions, viz.:

Letters enclosing matter for publication, or relating in any way to the editorial conduct of the paper, should be addressed, "EDITOR OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

Letters enclosing subscriptions, or relating in any way to the business of the office, should be addressed, "PUBLISHER OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, No. 48 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK."

THE PROCLAMATION.

"Proclaim Liberty throughout ALL the land to ALL the inhabitants thereof."

At a special meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society, held at the Society's Rooms, Tuesday, Jan. 18th, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Committee heartily unite in the general joy and thanksgiving expressed in view of the emancipation of three million of slaves in the revolted States, by the proclamation of President Lincoln, January 1st, 1863, and regard that measure as constitutionally warranted by the nature of the rebellion, and the perilous condition of the government and nation; nevertheless, they deem it due to truth and justice to declare, that the President has been derelict to his duty in exempting any part of the slave States, or any portion of the slave population, from the operation of his beneficent decree; inasmuch as it is admitted by him in his recent message to Congress, what is patent to all intelligent men, that slavery and rebellion are synonymous terms, and therefore both must be suppressed, or disunion will be inevitable.

Resolved, That there is no evidence that, in any of the States exempted by the Proclamation, there is or would be a controlling spirit of loyalty to the government, for one hour, independent of the presence of a Northern army upon its soil; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that the withdrawal of that army would be quickly followed by a rebellious outbreak that would crush or drive out all local loyalty, and lead to a vigorous coöperation with the Southern Confederacy.

Resolved, That the number of loyal slaveholders (if there be any such) is too insignificant to be regarded in the treatment of the rebellion by the government; and, therefore, they can have no just cause of complaint if universal emancipation be proclaimed to save the country, especially if provision be made to secure them from pecuniary loss.

Resolved, That the President, in this terrible crisis, may as rightfully decree the emancipation of all the slaves, as of three million, and is solemnly bound to finish what he has so largely performed; and that to attempt to keep a million of slaves in their chains, while essaying to liberate other millions in a similar condition, is to present a revolting spectacle to the civilized world, to create snares and pitfalls for the government, to render the struggle for the suppression of the rebellion uselessly prolonged and bloody, and to peril meanwhile our free institutions.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, Rec. Sec'y.

THE ABOLITIONISTS AND THE SITUATION.

THE American Abolitionists find themselves at this moment in a most astonishing situation. After working in faith, with but faint glimpses of sight, for more than thirty years, they have lived to see Emancipation proclaimed, as a necessity of National existence, in ten States of the slave section, the effectual carrying out of which must enure to the deliverance of the enslaved remnant in all the rest of that territory. The gradual manner in which this point in our history has been reached has so prepared us, as well as the world at large, for this event that perhaps it does not strike us with the force so amazing an occurrence should do. We can hardly believe it real, and yet it seems to have come along so naturally in the inevitable sequence of events, that it looks like a mere matter of course, a simple incident which could not but occur in its due time. For all this we thank God and take courage, and pause a moment to consider what is the duty which this new face of affairs imposes upon us. It must modify the Anti-Slavery movement — the question is, to what extent and in what manner?

It is premature, as yet, to decide these questions; but it is not at all too soon to take them into consideration. The assumption of the duty of abolishing slavery in so large a portion of its domain by the President of the United States, and the transformation of the armies in the enemy's country into Anti-Slavery organizations led by Abolition Agents, uniformed and commissioned as Major-Generals, changes very materially the aspect of the Anti-Slavery field, at the present moment. One not acquainted with the condition of the nation and the constitution of society here, would suppose that the work of "technical Abolitionists," as Dr. Channing used to call us, was over, and that the supervision of the details might be left to the new agencies which have undertaken to deal with them. It may be that such will yet prove to be the case, and that all the American Anti-Slavery Society will have to do at its next Anniversary will be to accept the result, pass over their function to the President, and expire in the most blessed Euthanasia that ever rounded a life spent in the service of God and man. None will welcome such a discharge from our warfare—

> "A weary warfare lingering long
> Through weary day and weary year"—

more than ourselves. We will pull down our flag, "hang up our bruised arms for monuments," and retire to the condition of veterans honorably discharged by the success of the war they had enlisted for, as soon as we are satisfied that that war is indeed swallowed up in victory, and that nothing is left for us to do, but to partake of the triumph. Before that time has unmistakably arrived, we should be clearly false to duty and honor to lay down our arms and assume that our battles are over, when the worst of them may be yet to come.

The office of the American Anti-Slavery Society is a peculiar one. It has all the elasticity which a principle of truth possesses of its own divine nature, and must communicate to those enforcing it. It has often changed its method of applying its tests, but never the character of the tests themselves, made necessary by its principle. For instance, it was founded on the doctrine, now so generally admitted, that Slavery is contrary to the Divine Laws—a Sin against God and a Crime against man. And for the first few years of its existence it had to preach this fundamental doctrine of morality in the ears of a stiff-necked generation. But this did not last long. It is probably a quarter of a century since any Abolitionist has condescended to argue this axiom For that length of time we have taken it for granted, and devoted ourselves to convincing the Church and the State of their wicked complicity in the guilt of Slavery, by applying the test of the Gospel of Christ to the one and the Declaration of Independence to the other, and showing how wide their conduct was of the line of duty marked out therein. For more than twenty years, the Abolitionists have assumed and exercised the duty of criticizing the conduct of public men and private men, in the pulpit, in Congress and State Legislature, on the bench and in the market-place. This they have been enabled to do with especial effect from the absolute disinterestedness of their position. No enemy has ever accused them of self-seeking. Fanaticism, folly, reckless disregard of vested rights, bitter injustice to great men, political and ecclesiastical, all these things have been freely and fiercely laid to their charge, but no man ever charged them with trying to make money or get office for themselves or others, in their capacity as Abolitionists. That their influence, thus exerted, through the press and by lips touched with the fire of eternal truth, has been greatly influential in producing the state of mind at the North out of which the present state of things has grown, we have the evidence of our enemies everywhere to attest. Has the time yet come when the Nation can dispense with such a Censorship? We may hope that it soon will; but we cannot discern yet the signs that it has actually arrived.

While we welcome the Proclamation of Emancipation with all joy, and give the President full credit for good faith and earnest purpose, and while we believe that it will mightily promote the ultimate deliverance of the slaves, whether immediately effectual or not, we must remember that it is as yet but a sentence of death recorded against a felon not yet in our custody. The caitiff has to be hunted down and seized before due execution can be dealt to him. Slavery is yet in its stronghold, well garrisoned by men of desperate courage and infinite resource. The Bastile must be carried by storm, by the strong hand, before the victims in its dungeons can be unchained and restored to the light of day. And, all the time, the enemy has his accomplices all around us, in every village as well as every city, devising ways and means for his aid and comfort. It is a painful idea to entertain, but it is one that must be looked in the face, that it is among possibilities that the armies of the nation may fail of the success which is now their righteous due, and that the Rebellion *may* erect itself into a Revolution. It certainly will, unless the Proclamation prevails in unsettling the foundations of Southern society, and overthrowing it, as preliminary to a glorious reconstruction, by the hands of the slaves. Considering the time allowed the slaveholders to prepare for the blow, and considering the power of a few armed men to keep great numbers without arms and discipline in awe, we cannot allow ourselves to regard an immediate and general coöperation of the slaves as an absolute certainty. Should it fail us, we fear that the success of the rebellion, in some shape, must follow. At any rate, it is a possibility to be taken into consideration. Should this happen, either in the Seymour-Wood form of surrender on our part, or in the Gladstone-Davis shape of Recognition and Separation, the slaves will remain just where they are, excepting such as may have taken refuge with us—and even those will need all the friends they have to save them from surrender under treaty. We think we must stand to our arms until this possibility has been resolved into an absurdity, by the course of our arms.

Everything, of course, now depends on success in the field and on the ocean. If we can penetrate into the thickest of the slave-country, we believe the slaves will help us the best they can and the Republic may be saved and made worthy of the name. If we are driven back and unable to give them the support of our arms, we fear that they will be able to make small head of themselves, even if they should have the spirit or the desperation to attempt it. While so large a party at the North are ready to cement a new alliance with the South with the blood of every black man on the continent, and while, even if the three million emancipated by the Proclamation be so in fact, there will still remain more than one million held under the laws of the Union, we think that the Abolitionists should hold themselves in their old post of observation and criticism, without fear and without compromise. It is assumed by some warm emancipationists that, after the Proclamation, in no possible reconstruction could those slaves declared free be again enslaved. But we fear such enthusiasts forget that there is a Power in the State greater than the President or the Congress, which has not yet put forth its strength. We fear that the Supreme Court need only a case to be brought before them to rule that the President has no such power under the Constitution and all action under it is void and of no effect. The United States officers have not yet dared to bring a Prize Case before that tribunal, lest it should declare that there is no war and consequently that there can be no prize! What chance would there be of its sustaining the Proclamation? Whatever is to be done under that document must be done quickly, or it will never be doue, or be undone again. It seems clear to us, therefore, that it is still the duty of the Abolitionists to remain at their posts, shaping their action as events may determine. Their organizations, their organs, their instrumentalities, should be maintained, until it is demonstrable that the necessity for them is forever passed away. We trust that the present hopeful condition of affairs, hopeful even in the midst of treason at home and rebellion abroad, will only make the Abolitionists the more ready with their time, their labors and their money, in the specific duty they have taken upon themselves, until discharged by its full performance and final success.

THE SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

WE beg leave to invite the earnest attention of our readers to the standing announcement in our columns of the "NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY," to be held in Boston, on Wednesday evening, the 28th inst. The objects of that Anniversary, and its claims upon every earnest friend of the anti-slavery cause, are so well set forth in that announcement, which bears the honored signatures of some of the noblest women in the country, that they need no further exposition at our hands. It will be sufficient to say, that it is upon the money to be collected on that occasion that the American Anti-Slavery Society mainly depends for the means to continue THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD during the ensuing year. If we may judge from the tone of the letters we receive, the readers of this paper were never more impressed than they are now with the importance of keeping it alive until the last shackle is broken, and there is no longer a slave on the American soil. It is not to be expected that a journal so radical as this, having the support of no political party and no religious sect, but hated by them all for its fearless exposure of their shortcomings and selfish policies, shall live by its subscription-list alone. Experience has shown that all hopes of an adequate support from this source are vain, and that its existence must depend upon the contributions of the faithful few who see and feel the need of such a paper as a MORAL POWER in the land, above the control of parties and sects, and devoted to the inculcation of the highest and purest principles of liberty.

Friend of the Slave! read the call in another column, and, under a solemn sense of personal responsibility, decide how much you will contribute for the objects therein set forth. If you can give a large sum, be thankful for such an opportunity to help a cause you love; if you can give but little, give that little cheerfully, remembering that "mony a mickle makes a muckle."

Donations may be sent to Rev. Samuel May, Jr., Anti-Slavery Office, Boston; or, if more convenient, to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Office, New York.

AN APPEAL TO THE READERS OF THE STANDARD.

OUR readers all know, personally or by repute, Mrs. FRANCES D. GAGE, of Ohio, and most of them are probably aware that, some time since, she went to South Carolina, to assist, as way might open, in the care and instruction of the Freedmen. Her experience as a housewife, her acknowledged literary ability, and her ardent devotion to every good cause, commended her to all her acquaintances as an eminently suitable person for the work which there needs to be done. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that, upon the recommendation of Prof. Zachos, General Superintendent, Gen. Saxton has appointed her as Superintendent of the plantations, six in number, on Paris Island. This island, at its upper end, is six miles from Beaufort, and at its lower extremity six miles from Hilton Head. Mrs. Gage's son is the only white person with her. There are on the island three hundred and fifty men, women and children. In a private letter she says: "They are the lowest and saddest conditioned people I have found." On account of their isolated condition they have not received so much attention as others who are more favorably situated, and their wants are very pressing." Mrs. Gage says: "Can you not, through your good wife and lady friends, send me a box of goods? Among the articles needed are thread (linen, black and white), cotton spools of the coarser numbers, cast-aside children's clothes (if not too much worn), old dresses, men's coats, and other garments, etc. If your friends can help this poor people to life and hope, I think they will do themselves a great good."

We propose to do what we can in response to this appeal among our personal friends in this city, and we ask our readers, many of whom know Mrs. Gage, to give us their aid.

Packages (the sender paying express charges) may be directed to Oliver Johnson, Anti-Slavery Rooms, 48 Beekman street, New York.

DEATH OF DR. BEECHER.

DIED, in Brooklyn, on Saturday, Jan. 10, LYMAN BEECHER, D.D., aged 87 years and 3 months.

As we make this simple record, what a tide of memories sweeps over us!—memories of the time when we were but a boy, and Dr. Beecher was our honored pastor and familiar friend. He was then in the zenith of his popularity and influence—the giant of the New England pulpit. We remember with grateful tears the growth of mind and heart which, at that susceptible period, we experienced under his ministry. His preaching in those days—it was while he was in Boston—was our constant delight, a never-failing incitement to high thought and noble living, an ever-burning rebuke to every temptation that besets the path of the young. For all this how great is the debt of gratitude we owe him! Nothing then was more striking in his ministry than the interest he manifested in the young men of his congregation, who not only revered him as a religious teacher, but loved him as a friend. We gratefully remember his words of encouragement to us when, a poor printer's boy, we first entered the editorial profession, and the considerate kindness with which, recognizing the nobleness of our aim, he gave our little enterprise the sanction of his name and influence, thereby almost ensuring its success.

But in proportion to our love and veneration for Dr. Beecher was the sadness we felt when, at a later day, and contrary, as it seemed to us, to the great principles which, under his ministry, we had learned to venerate as the substance of God's will and the measure of human obligation, he set himself in open hostility to the movement for the immediate abolition of slavery. The sturdy advocate of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks, the denouncer of duelling as a crime before God and man, the champion of the rights of the Indian, the preacher of a gospel which demanded immediate repentance of all sin, he yet rejected the plea of the slave for immediate emancipation, and ranked himself with those who held that slaveholding and Christianity were not necessarily oppugnant to each other. As President of Lane Theological Seminary he gave his sanction to a rule of the Trustees, enacted in obedience to a corrupt public sentiment, requiring the students to disband their anti-slavery society and cease their discussions of the slavery question. Nearly all the students, among whom were several from the South, refused the gag and left the institution, which has not to this day recovered its prosperity. Gladly, in this hour, would we forget all this, but we see before us the manacled slave, reminding us of our duty to his sacred cause, the cause of truth, justice and humanity. And besides, the errors of great men, by which the multitude are misled to their undoing, should be recorded as a warning to those that come after them. The nation is to-day suffering all the horrors of civil war because the leaders of the American Church, the Beechers, Wisners, Evartses, Springs, etc., refused to heed the slave's plea for deliverance, and bent their necks under the yoke of King Cotton.

Dr. Beecher, in spite of his great talents and noble qualities, fell into the too common mistake of regarding established religious institutions as identical with Christianity itself, and fidelity to them as loyalty to Christ. He mistook the clatter of ecclesiastical machinery for the rustling of the wings of the heavenly host. He saw the advancing dawn of the millennium in "revivals of religion," and would not have the Church heed the cry of the bondman lest she should thereby lose the presence of the Holy Ghost!

But, in spite of all that we esteem wrong in his life, we shall always bless the memory of the man whose instruction reflected the light of heaven on our youthful steps, who administered to us the vows of marriage, and whose eloquence will be forever associated in our mind with some of the grandest themes that can engage the attention of man.

THE PROCLAMATION IN PHILADELPHIA.

THE celebration held by our friends in Philadelphia, we learn from private sources as well as from the papers, was a most interesting occasion. Owing to the torrents of rain which fell during the day and evening, the audience was but moderately large, but the speaking was of a most interesting and pleasing character. JAMES MOTT, the venerable President of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, was Chairman, and the speakers were ROBERT PURVIS, J. M. MCKIM, ALFRED GREEN, MARY GREW and LUCRETIA MOTT. Asa Hutchinson and his family were present, and added to the enjoyment of the meeting by singing several appropriate and moving songs. *The Press* contains an account of the proceedings, with reports of several of the speeches. That of Mr. McKim being the fullest, we transfer it to our columns. We hope next week to have more extended and correct reports of the others, as we are sure they will make good reading for THE STANDARD.

SPEECH OF MR. MCKIM.

MR. CHAIRMAN: We are here to-night to celebrate the auspicious event that has ushered in the new year; the most auspicious, on this continent at least, of the century. The 1st of January, 1863, will be set down by the future historian as the complement of the 4th of July, 1776. What the Declaration of Independence was to the war of that period, the Proclamation of Freedom, by Abraham Lincoln, is to this war. It marks the culmination of the revolution. It is an act which insures the continued progress of the movement, and makes retrogression impossible. We never, thank God, can go back to the old state of things—the state of things that existed when the Slave Power of the South, and their allies of the North, ruled over the country with a rod of iron.

We are here, Mr. Chairman, for the purpose of mutual congratulations; to felicitate each other on the pleasing occurrence that fills all minds, and for the sake of our country, our cause, and our kind, to rejoice and be exceeding glad. It is no part of our business to discuss on this occasion points on which there may be a difference of opinion. We are not here to examine critically, much less hypercritically, the document that has brought us together; but receiving that illustrious paper for what it is worth—nothing more, of course, but certainly nothing less—to say of it what is meet; what the decencies of the occasion, and a proper regard for truth, may seem to require.

Some will say: "Your rejoicing is premature. The end is not yet. You had better wait till success shall have justified the measure you are celebrating. It is the end that crowns the work." The same may have been said eighty-six years ago, when the immortal proclamation—the Declaration of Independence—went forth to the world the voice of a new-born nation. When Hancock and Adams, Franklin and Rush, and their associates were shaking hands in Independence Hall, felicitating each other on what had just transpired, and when the people outside, standing on the very ground we now occupy, were rejoicing amid the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon, timid, unbelieving souls were doubtless saying: "Not so fast; you are too sanguine; you know not what is before you. The thing is as yet a mere experiment; wait for some proof of its success before you begin to celebrate it." Others—croakers then as now—sordid, selfish souls—with views circumscribed by their own interest and ease, doubtless said: "You have undertaken an impossibility. You never can conquer in such a contest. You will have to make peace at last, and the sooner you do it the better. Propose an armistice and get the best terms you can. The interests of humanity forbid the further effusion of blood." Sympathizers there were then—men whose hearts were with the armies that were fighting for the prerogatives of the crown, and the establishment and perpetuity over this continent of aristocratic institutions; and these sympathizers said: "You will bitterly rue this hour. You are only adding to your troubles. This audacious act, when the news of it shall reach London, will only incense the British more and more against you. It will stimulate them to new efforts, and put new vigor into their warlike measures." "Let it," was of course the reply. "We are prepared for that result. We know what we are about. We are contending for a principle; our struggle is not merely for our own independence; we are fighting for liberty for ourselves and *all mankind*. In such a contest failure is impossible; ultimate triumph is certain. Truth, justice, and the 'auxiliar gods,' are on our side, and final success, though it may be delayed, is sure to crown our efforts."

And the result justified the confidence. But this result did not come immediately. It was not till more than five years afterwards that Lord Cornwallis surrendered his sword at Yorktown, and the success of the revolution was duly acknowledged. How long it will be till this revolution shall be a fact accomplished, it is given to no man to say, but that it will be accomplished—at some time not far distant, and in a manner to vindicate the policy of righteousness—to "justify the ways of God to men," I, for one, have no more doubt than I have of any event yet in the future.

I have said that this was a supplementary revolution. It is such. It is a revolution made necessary by the incompleteness of that of our fathers. They laid a broad basis, but they built upon it an imperfect superstructure. They declared that "all men were born equal, endowed by God with certain inalienable rights, and, among them, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." These truths they fought to establish; but, after succeeding in so doing, lamentable to say, in an evil hour, in a weak moment, they adopted a compact which put fresh rivets into the chains which held one-fifth of their own people in bondage. It will not do to say, they did not mean to do this; they did it. It is not enough to say that they were compelled to it by the exactions of a menacing minority, and that it was intended merely as a temporary expedient, adopted to insure united effort against a foreign foe. The fact remains the same—they did it; and the temporary expedient proved a permanent and paramount law, the consequence being that the 600,000 slaves of the country have multiplied into more than 3,600,000.

After our fathers had issued to the world their Declaration, the bell that hung in the dome over the building in which the immortal paper was adopted bearing the motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land to all the inhabitants thereof," became cracked—as if by the spirit of slavery—and made utterly unfit for its purpose. There it hangs, in yonder hall, a voiceless but speaking monument of a glorious and also of a disgraceful fact. It is a symbol—a striking symbol—striking in the fact that it cannot strike.

Mr. Chairman, it would be a good idea, at this time, while we are correcting the errors of our fathers, to repair the breech in the bell. I propose, therefore, this being a proper occasion, that we have a new bell, made of the right stuff, with the ring of the genuine metal; that it shall bear the same glorious motto and be hung in the same dome, over the same old Hall of Independence, so that it may ring out in a glorious chime, "*Liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof.*"

Mr. Chairman, in noting the analogy between this and the former revolution, it is proper to say that this is not the first time that a parallel of this kind has been traced. From the beginning, the resemblance between the two movements has been a constant subject of remark. When the anti-slavery ship was first launched—when its keel was laid—when the enterprise was first started, it was formally declared that the movement was but the conclusion of what our fathers had begun.

In 1833 a delegated band of men—till then unknown, except in the person of their leader, and since then only known to be denounced—assembled in this city as a National Convention, to organize the anti-slavery movement. They met in the Adelphi Building, in Fifth street, below Walnut. President Green, of Oneida Institute, a learned man and an eloquent advocate of the cause, was chairman, and Lewis Tappan, then only known as the brother of Arthur Tappan, and John G. Whittier, a young poet, at that time without fame, were its secretaries. The Convention sat three days, during which they adopted a Declaration of Sentiments and a programme of measures which they published to the world, and from which allow me to read an extract. I will say, in passing, that, as Thomas Jefferson, the apostle of the first revolution, drew up its declaration of principles, so William Lloyd Garrison, the apostle of the second revolution, drew up this declaration. I quote:

"More than fifty-seven years have elapsed since a band of patriots convened in this place to devise measures for the deliverance of this country from a foreign yoke. The corner stone upon which they founded the TEMPLE OF FREEDOM was broadly this: 'That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, LIBERTY, and the pursuit of happiness.' At the sound of their trumpet-call three million of people rose up as from the sleep of death, and rushed to the strife of blood; deeming it more glorious to die instantly as freemen, than desirable to live one hour as slaves. They were few in number—poor in resources; but the honest conviction that TRUTH, JUSTICE, and RIGHT were on their side, made them invincible.

"We have met together for the achievement of an enterprise without which that of our fathers is incomplete, and which, for its magnitude, solemnity, and probable results upon the destiny of the world, as far transcends theirs as moral truth does physical force.

"In purity of motive, in earnestness of zeal, in decision of purpose, in intrepidity of action, in steadfastness of faith, in sincerity of spirit, we would not be inferior to them."

Here follows a statement of the principles and measures, showing the analogy, and, at the same time, the difference between those of our fathers and our own. The declaration thus closes:

"These are our views and principles—these our designs and measures. With entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the Declaration of our Independence and the truths of Divine Revelation as upon the Everlasting Rock.

"We shall organize anti-slavery societies, if possible, in every city, town, and village in our land.

"We shall send forth agents to lift up the voice of remonstrance, of warning, of entreaty, and rebuke.

"We shall circulate, unsparingly and extensively, anti-slavery tracts, and periodicals.

"We shall enlist the pulpit and the press in the cause of the suffering and the dumb.

"We shall aim at a purification of the Churches from all participation in the guilt of slavery.

"We shall encourage the labor of freemen rather than that of slaves, by giving a preference to their productions; and

"We shall spare no exertions nor means to bring the whole nation to speedy repentance.

"Our trust for victory is solely in God. We may be personally defeated, but our principles, never. Truth, Justice, Reason, Humanity, must and will gloriously triumph."

To the principles laid down in this declaration we have adhered for thirty years, turning neither to the right nor to the left. To the programme of measures here set forth we have adhered, without any essential variation. The result is before you; we are here to-night to celebrate it. The final result has not yet come, but when that shall be reached it will not merely be the "members and friends of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society," but the people of the whole land, including especially the sable millions now in bondage, who will join in the jubilation, and swell the chorus till the vaults of heaven shall resound with joy.

Mr. Chairman, I have just returned from the City of Washington. While there, I had the honor of an interview with the President, an honor for which I was indebted to the offices of the distinguished Senator from Massachusetts. In the course of conversation, the late eloquent speech of the Hon. John Bright, in behalf of America, came up as a topic. The President expressed great delight, and said he had been particularly struck with its felicitous close. As a matter of rhetoric, he thought the last sentence was particularly beautiful, and he took up a paper and read it with evident enjoyment. I took the liberty to say:

"Mr. President, that is a beautiful sentence indeed, but, if you will allow me to say so, not any more beautiful than the closing sentence of your speech, nor calculated to give a thousandth part of the pleasure which that sentence is now imparting. I allude, of course, to the last sentence of your proclamation, in which you say: 'And upon this act,'" etc., repeating the sentence at length. The Senator from Massachusetts joined heartily in the sentiment expressed, and the President gave another turn to the conversation.

And now, Mr. Chairman, allow me to conclude with a word in reference to that same sentence. It is, though at the end, the key-note, as well as the crowning glory of the document. The phrases, "act of justice" and "military necessity," which are put in juxtaposition, show in their order the animus of the whole matter, and tell the entire story. The motive before God is the "act of justice"; the legal justification before man is the warrant of the Constitution "upon a military necessity." It is a fitting conclusion of an illustrious state paper.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I will conclude these remarks with the President's conclusion of his proclamation, knowing that you will join with all your hearts in the invocation contained in its last clause:

"And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon a military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God."

AT A STATED MEETING of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, held January 8th, 1863, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimoualy adopted:

Whereas, The President of the United States did, on the 1st day of January, 1863, proclaim that all persons held as slaves within the States of Arkansas, Texas, Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Louisiana, with the exception of certain parishes, and Eastern Virginia, with the exception of certain Counties, are and henceforward shall be free, and that the Executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons: therefore,

Resolved, That we hail, with unutterable joy and gratitude, the day of jubilee which has dawned on the American nation, and the emancipation of millions of American slaves, in whose behalf this association has, for thirty years, hopefully labored; and as we have sympathetically entered into their sufferings, and borne their burdens, we are now partakers of the joy with which, casting off their broken fetters, they are rising new born and exultant into a life of freedom.

Resolved, That in the enfranchisement of these millions, and in the signs of the times, which distinctly indicate the speedy abolition of slavery in the remaining portions of the Union, we foresee the consummation of our work, the fruition of our hopes, and find for all our toil and sacrifice glorious "recompense of reward."

SARAH PUGH, President.

NOTICE.—The call for copies of "The Anti-Slavery History of the John Brown Year" has been so considerable, that no more copies can be sent for the amount of postage, as heretofore offered.

FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.—The valuable and still timely tract, by Mrs. L. Maria Child, entitled, "The Right Way the Safe Way, proved by Emancipation in the British West Indies, and elsewhere" (108 pages), will be sent by mail to any person requesting it, and enclosing *six cents* in undefaced postage stamps. Address SAMUEL MAY, Jr., 221 *Washington Street, Boston*

ANTI-SLAVERY BOOKS IN ENGLAND.—That invaluable work, "Among the Pines," has been republished in London under this title: "Life in Dixie's Land; or, South in Secession Time." It has attracted the favorable attention of men of large influence in that country, and will doubtless have an extensive sale. "The Proposed Slave Empire: its Antecedents, Constitution and Policy," and "The Horrors of Slavery; being a Reprint of a Narrative of Seven Weeks' Residence in Jamaica," are also among the works which have lately appeared in London.

PERSONAL.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke has been appointed a *member*—not Secretary, as stated last week—of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

Columbus letters to the Cincinnati papers intimate that Ben Wade has the inside track for United States Senator. The contest in the Legislature is growing warm and earnest.

Wendell Phillips will say "Amen to the Proclamation" at the Cooper Institute on Wednesday evening next. Doors open at 7—lecture at 8 o'clock. Tickets, 25 cents; platform tickets, 50 cents; to be had, on and after Monday, at this office.

Rev. E. C. Wines, D.D., LL.D., is engaged to deliver a course of eight free lectures upon "The Science of Government," at the Cooper Institute, on eight successive Thursday evenings, commencing this week. Dr. Wines is a man of extensive learning, and his lectures will be worthy of general attention.

Says the Washington correspondent of *The Times*: "It is a gratifying evidence of the sincere determination of the President to carry out the policy of freedom, that the President has determined to dismiss Gen. Steele from the service, for having violated the regulations and the law in returning fugitive slaves.

The Rev. W. H. Milburn (the blind preacher) is engaged in delivering a course of six lectures upon "The Fathers of the Christian Church," under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, in the Calvary Baptist Church in Twenty-third street. The first two lectures of the course were delivered on Monday and Thursday evening of this week, and the remaining four will be delivered on the same evenings of next week and the week after that.

We learn from the London *Dial* that Mr. John Stuart Mill, the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, Prof. Cairnes, Lieut.-Gen. Peyronet Thompson, Mr. Stansfeld, M.P., Dr. C. J. Foster, Prof. Newman, the Rev. Newman Hall, Mr. Thomas B. Potter (Manchester), Mr. Duncan McLaren (Edinburg), Mr. B. Scott (City Chamberlain), the Mayor of Manchester, Mr. P. A. Taylor, M.P., Mr. Hugh Mason (Ashton-under-Lyne), and Mr. Edward Miall, have accepted invitations to become members of the Committee of the Emancipation Society, lately formed in England, and of which George Thompson, Esq., is one of the leading promoters.

Free speech has been vindicated at West Troy, N. Y. Some days since it was announced that Wendell Phillips would lecture in that place, whereupon handbills were put into circulation warning ladies not to attend the lecture, and intimating that Mr. Phillips should not speak. The people, however, took up the challenge thus given by the rowdy population, and though a dozen or so of roughs jostled into the hall, breathing all manner of violent things against Mr. Phillips, they were very quickly ejected, and the lecturer proceeded, unmolested, to perform the duty of the evening.

There is at least one emancipationist among the regular officers of the army, and he is Col. Samuel Ross, of the Twentieth Connecticut Volunteers. A few days since Col. Ross called his regiment together, and read the Emancipation proclamation to them, and after that made a speech to them, which was received with great enthusiasm. He said: "As surely as the Lord liveth and reigneth forever, as surely as man dieth and returneth to dust, so surely this rebellion will never be crushed and peace be permanently restored so long as its cause shall live."

The Boston *Post* states a fact very creditable to Gov. Andrew, viz.: that on Thanksgiving day he dined with Louis Hayden, the black man who holds the office of messenger at the State House. Twenty-five guests were present, the Governor and his Secretary being the only white men. "We dare say," says the Springfield *Republican*, "the Governor had a good dinner and pleasant companions, and there is no reason why he should not dine with Hayden, or invite him to his own table, for Hayden is a sensible fellow and quite up to the State House average of respectability, to say the least."

A Jamaica Plains correspondent of the Boston *Daily Advertiser* sends the original inscription, placed by the municipality of Florence on that Casa Guidi where Mrs. Browning so long lived, and which she made memorable by her well-known "Casa Guidi Windows." This is the English translation:

> Here wrote and died
> ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING,
> Who in her woman's heart united
> The wisdom of a sage and the eloquence of a Poet;
> With her golden verse she linked Italy to England.
> Grateful Florence placed
> This memorial
> A. D. 1861.

The Rev. Samuel J. May, writing us from Syracuse Jan. 9, says: "Mr. Conway's lecture, 'The National Equinox,' was listened to last Sunday evening in our church by a house full of people. It was radical, eloquent, impressive. All were affected by it; a few displeased. Most of his auditors were deeply interested. Some wish to have the lecture delivered here again." Mr. May adds: "We are this evening to hear Mr. Mason Jones. Four years ago to-morrow evening, I heard, in Liverpool, his lecture on 'Dean Swift and his Critics.' It was his debut in England. I find in my diary that I predicted his rapid rise to the highest eminence as a lecturer." It is not the first time that Mr. May has proved himself a true prophet.

Mr. S. Phillips, a nephew of Wendell Phillips, one of the faithful and devoted band of laborers among the Freedmen, died recently at Port Royal, S. C. One of the lady teachers—a frequent contributor to THE STANDARD—writing to the Newport (R. I.) *News*, says:

"We were all very much grieved, for he was one of the best friends of the colored people, and they felt it. The superintendents and teachers sung, as his coffin was laid on the communion table, 'Asleep in Jesus,' and then the people themselves commenced and sung one of the sweetest and saddest of their songs:

> "'I wonder where my brother is,
> Oh, graveyard!
> I wonder where Mr. Phillips is,
> Oh, graveyard!
> Carry his body in de graveyard,
> Ring Jerusalem!
> Grass grow in de graveyard,
> Ring Jerusalem!
> Oh, graveyard ought to know me,
> Ring Jerusalem!
> Oh, Jesus in de graveyard,
> Ring Jerusalem!
> Rise from de graveyard,
> Ring Jerusalem!'"

That eloquent champion of freedom, George Thompson, Esq., is laboring constantly, and with great success, to enlighten the British public in relation to the American war. The London *Dial* of Dec. 27 says:

"During the last fortnight, Mr. Thompson, in addition to attending several meetings in the metropolis, called for the purpose of expressing sympathy with the anti-slavery policy of the United States government and Congress, has held similar meetings in Hanley, Burslem and Newcastle, Staffordshire; also at Basingstoke, Hampshire; Stratford, Essex; and Banbury, Oxfordshire. The audiences have been large and enthusiastic, and without exception have expressed warm approbation of the measures adopted by the United States for promoting the emancipation of the slave population. On the 31st instant a great meeting of the working classes will be held in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, to adopt resolutions and an address to President Lincoln; and on the same day Mr. Thompson will address a similar meeting in Sheffield."

From the same paper we copy this:

"A large audience assembled in Surrey Chapel on Monday to hear addresses from Geo. Thompson, Esq., and William Andrew Jackson (ex-coachman to Jefferson Davis) on American slavery. The Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., presided. The audience was most enthusiastic on the side of freedom and the Northern States; every mention of Mr. Lincoln's name and his anti-slavery proclamation eliciting loud applause."

BANVARD'S PANORAMA of the Mississippi, Missouri and Ohio Rivers is on exhibition at 652 Broadway. It is a work of great interest, and has been visited by hundreds of the most eminent people in Europe as well as in the United States.

GERRIT SMITH'S SPEECH.—The admirable speech "On the Country," delivered by Mr. Smith at the Cooper Institute, Dec. 21, has been published in pamphlet form, and will be mailed, post paid, for a three-cent stamp sent to this office.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 12, 1863.

THE condition of the army which is under the command of Gen. Burnside is said not to be all that one could wish. Reports have come up continually from this army, since the battle of Fredericksburg, that it was in a state of discontent, if not of insubordination. The men are to an alarming extent discouraged, and anxious to go home. They are stupefied with continual reverses. I know that it is the habit of Generals and Senators to say that our army is in a good condition—that the troops are panting for a battle, and so forth; but such statements are entirely false. The Army of the Potomac is capable of great deeds, and I believe will soon win important victories over the enemy, but it is nevertheless in a dangerous state of discontent this very day. There are reasons for it, too, which are plain to the least observant of men. In the first place, *the men are not paid*. Small as is the sum due the men who risk their lives in battle, it is not paid to them when it is due, so that at this moment the majority of our troops have not been paid their wages for six months. The other day a sick or wounded soldier in one of our hospitals sent a letter he had just received from his wife to a member of Congress. The letter stated that the woman who wrote it and her children were suffering for want of food and fuel, and she asked a pittance from her husband—a portion of his wages. At that time the government was in debt to the soldier to the amount of over sixty dollars, not one cent of which could he obtain! This lack of money of itself will destroy an army in time, not so much from want of the money as from the overwhelming sense of injustice which demoralizes the soldier.

There is another cause for the unsatisfactory condition of the Army of the Potomac, and it is this: the newspapers which circulate among the troops are generally pro-slavery and semi-disloyal. The New York *Herald* goes into every company in Burnside's army. It is read by twenty men where one reads *The Tribune*. *Why* this is so I cannot understand, but it is a fact, and *The Herald* is rapidly destroying the army, murdering it, taking the heart out of it. Yet Mr. Stanton, who was so fierce last Summer and Fall in making foolish arrests, has not a word to say respecting this vile work that is going on in the army.

I have been led to write upon this subject from the numerous reports that have been made to me by trustworthy persons who have made personal observations in our army. It seems sometimes as if the President and the Administration were slumb

THE TWENTY-NINTH

NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY.

In view of the colossal magnitude of the Southern rebellion, on the one hand, and of the corresponding efforts for its suppression by the American government, on the other, the Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY have deemed it expedient to defer their ANNUAL APPEAL to this late period—not knowing what events might occur, in the meantime, to render a modification or suspension of their established plan of action desirable, and wishing to be guided by the highest wisdom in such a momentous crisis.

Reverently recognizing in this awful visitation the hand of God in righteous judgment for our great national transgression, and trusting it may mercifully end in the total extinction of chattel slavery throughout the land; believing that the Proclamation of President Lincoln, emancipating forever all slaves held in States found in rebellion on the first day of January, 1863, will, if energetically and uncompromisingly enforced, inflict a staggering blow upon that fearfully oppressive system; they, nevertheless, feel that the uncertainties of civil war are too great, and the expedients of governmental and political organizations too unreliable, to justify, for one moment, any abatement of vigilance, activity, zeal, liberality, and determination on the part of those who have so long and so disinterestedly consecrated themselves to the godlike work of immediate and universal emancipation, joyfully "bearing the cross and despising the shame." With no personal or sectional feelings to indulge, no selfish ends to promote, no party or sectarian objects to attain—animated by the deepest religious sentiment and the purest patriotism—it is not for such to commit their sacred cause to other hands, to be lulled into inaction even by the most cheering signs of the times, to regard their special mission as accomplished, or to abandon their organized efforts and efficient instrumentalities which have hitherto been crowned with such animating results. Their work is, by Divine help, the extermination of slavery, root and branch; and so long as one slave remains in his fetters, and they are able to plead his cause, that work will not have been accomplished. The y must continue to be "the forlorn hope" to the end, leading the way, and taking upon themselves the brunt of the conflict, until the victory be won, the captives set free, and liberty the birthright and possession of every inhabitant of our land, from sea to sea.

Granted, that the Anti-Slavery cause has grown from infantile weakness to manly strength—from universal proscription to respectful public consideration—from an apostolic number of adherents to a multitudinous host. Granted, that it is slavery which is the sole cause of the Rebellion, and that the suppression of the one *may* necessitate the forcible overthrow of the other. Granted, that the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, if it can be enforced, will include nearly three fourths of the entire slave population. Granted, that the rebels themselves, despairing of achieving their independence in any other way, may proclaim freedom to their bondmen, and thus secure their loyal cooperation. Still, we have to deal with stern realities, and must not allow ourselves to be deluded by mere possibilities which may never be fulfilled. Still, it must be remembered that no blow will be struck at THE SLAVE SYSTEM, as such, by the Proclamation; for slavery will continue to be recognized and protected, under the old constitutional guaranties, in all the so-called loyal slave States, and possibly reinstated in every rebel State, under the shield of State sovereignty, after its subjugation and the withdrawal of the Federal armies. Still, it is manifest that a powerful pro-slavery sentiment exists throughout the North, deadly hostile to every scheme of emancipation, defiantly claiming a strong reaction of public sentiment on its side, intent on persecuting and ostracising all who are obtaining their freedom by flight and the chances of war, and leaving nothing undone to get the control of the government, so as to make the most humiliating concessions to the South, and reconstruct the Union on a permanent slaveholding basis.

Under these perilous circumstances, therefore, there must be no indulgence given to the pleasing illusions of fancy, or to an undue exaltation of mind. The struggle for the abolition of slavery may yet be protracted for years; and, unquestionably, it will be fiercely contested to the end by all that is hostile to impartial liberty, North as well as South. We must gird up our loins anew, make a fresh consecration of our means and powers, labor with increasing devotedness, and ask for a discharge from this warfare only with the termination of our mortal life, or the liberation of all in bondage.

The Managers of the NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION ANNIVERSARY give notice, therefore, that it will be held, as usual, in Boston,

On Wednesday Evening, January 28th;

And to that annual gathering they cordially and urgently invite all who abhor treason, love liberty, desire peace and reconciliation on an enduring basis, and seek the unity, happiness and prosperity of our now distracted, fearfully guilty, but we trust to be regenerated country—bringing with them (or sending, if they are not able to give their personal attendance) as generous contributions and donations as their means will allow, causing "the riches of their liberality to abound" even in "the abundance of their poverty"—assured that the proceeds thus obtained will be sacredly used, under the auspices of the AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY, as hitherto, to disseminate light and knowledge on the subject of slavery by voice and pen, through the press, and by the lecturing agent—to quicken the religious sentiment, inform the understanding, stimulate the conscience, soften the heart, and so effect that mighty moral change in public opinion which is essential to the banishment of all complexional hatred and oppression, and, consequently, to the reign of universal justice and good will. It should be remembered that the pecuniary resource of the Society is largely dependent upon this instrumentality; and as its treasury is now empty, it is vitally important for its continued operations that prompt and liberal aid should be rendered in the manner already indicated.

To those everywhere who have so long and so generously aided us, we present our annual appeal, trusting it may be so ordered by the God of the oppressed that no renewal of it will be needed, by reason of the speedy and complete consummation of our labors and aspirations.

L. MARIA CHILD,	MARY WILLEY,
MARY MAY,	ANN REBECCA BRAMHALL,
LOUISA LORING,	CAROLINE E. PUTNAM,
HENRIETTA SARGENT,	MARY E. STEARNS,
SARAH RUSSELL MAY,	SARAH J. NOWELL,
HELEN ELIZA GARRISON,	ELIZABETH VON ARNIM,
ANNA SHAW GREENE,	ABBY H. STEPHENSON,
SARAH BLAKE SHAW,	ELIZA APTHORP,
CAROLINE C. THAYER,	SARAH COWING,
ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,	SARAH H. SOUTHWICK,
LYDIA D. PARKER,	MARY ELIZABETH SARGENT,
MATTIE GRIFFITH,	SARAH C. ATKINSON,
MARY JACKSON,	ABBY FRANCIS,
EVELINA A. SMITH,	MARY JANE PARKMAN,
CAROLINE M. SEVERANCE,	GEORGIANA OTIS,
ELIZABETH GAY,	KATHERINE EARLE FARNUM.

☞ As the Refreshment tables will be dispensed with, no contributions of this kind are solicited.

ABOUT CONTRABANDS.

"Do you really suppose that you can teach those stupid blacks to read?"

"Why not, Colonel?"

"Oh! I don't know! There are numerous reasons, which incline me to believe that your work down here will be all moonshine."

Such was the nonchalant remark of him of the leafed shoulder-straps to one of the earnest, hopeful lady-teachers of a negro school, and he walked away, leaving her picking a full-blown December rose into fragments, looking all the while away over the rising tide, as if she were pondering whether the high tide of her hope and enthusiasm was to ebb out, after a few months, as would those salt waters ere nightfall.

As soon as he was out of hearing, she turned and exclaimed with emphasis: "All moonshine, is it, Colonel? I wish you were half as real and true, and likely to make improvement in the future, as are my scholars."

"Only to think of it," she proceeded, turning to her friend, "that epauletted army officer coming here to spit out his contempt of our efforts in that way. We have only been installed into our office as school-marms one week (Cordelia and I), on this little island of Amelia, and we have one hundred and fifty-eight scholars, as eager to learn, and orderly, too, as a city school, of undisciplined children."

"And that is not all," responded Cordelia; "I have in one class a mother, daughter and grandson. The boy of six knows every letter of his alphabet, and it would do any heart good to see the little fellow pointing out the letters, and spelling words of three or four letters for his mamma and granny. And they are as earnest as he; grandmother, who is surely near sixty, says she will not give up."

"I have a more interesting case than that," responds Chloe. "An old man, who is said to be a hundred and two years old, has been coming to me mornings for a week or more. He remembers the days of the Revolution, and tells of Gen. Washington, and now he says he must learn to read, so he can read himself all about the war. He knows all his letters but his b's and d's, his p's and q's; carries his spelling-book in his pocket, and may be seen any hour in the day poring over his c-a-t and d-o-g, in big and little print. I met him early this morning sitting at his cabin door, studying. 'Well, Uncle Ned,' I said, 'how do you get along?'

"'Finely, Missis, finely—I sees the letters last thing when I goes to sleep and first thing when I wakes, and sometimes I dreams about 'em. And the Lord tells me I get 'em all yet.'"

"This morning," said another teacher, "a boy of eighteen, who works by the day at the fort, and walked two miles before his working hours to get a spelling-book, said he could read a little, and if he had books he could teach other boys, who worked with him, nights and mornings. I gave him the desired books, and his thanks were hearty, I assure you."

"One hundred and fifty-eight children, and more asking to come. Two came to-day to buy thread and needles, to put patches upon old garments, that they might go to school. Yesterday a dozen mothers bespoke a place for their little ones, and yet that Colonel turns up his nose and calls our mission moonshine."

"Let him turn it up; he will only have the trouble of turning it down again; for there is not a teacher that I have met on all the islands of the coast that does not give a favorable report of the ability of these children to learn, and not only to learn, but to make learning available."

So chatted these earnest ladies, who have left, for the time being, pleasant firesides and friends, and thrown themselves into this great field of labor. Let no report of failure make the friends of emancipation faint-hearted. The work goes bravely on, despite its false friends and open enemies. If failure there be, it is in the power of the individual white teacher to impress and hold the hearts of these simple, humble ones. No, it is not moonshine. It is a great, earnest reality, and God will add his blessing. F. D. GAGE.

REPORT OF "THE WOMEN'S ASSOCIATION Of Philadelphia for the Relief of the Freedmen."

THE constant appeals for aid and sympathy on behalf of the suffering Freedmen in various parts of our country induced a number of Friends of this city to form an association to furnish clothing, medicines, etc., to meet the temporary necessities of this destitute class of people.

The Society was organized 4th mo. 15th, 1862, since which time, with the exception of a few weeks during the summer, the meetings have been held on Friday afternoon and evening of each week on the third floor of Friends' meeting-house, Race street above Fifteenth street.

Donations in money, goods, and part-worn clothing have been received from persons residing in this city and its vicinity; Chester, Bucks and Westmoreland Counties of this State, and from the States of New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland and Indiana.

The Association endeavors to make a judicious appropriation of the means entrusted to it for distribution, and from the acknowledgments received from the various places to which the articles have been sent, the members are encouraged to believe that their efforts have fully accomplished the purposes intended as far as the limited supply would allow.

1,500 new and about 2,000 part-worn garments, pieces of uncut goods, comfortables, books, medicines, needles, thread, buttons, etc., etc., which were packed in twelve boxes, have been sent to the following places and distributed: Washington, D. C., 5 boxes; Fortress Monroe, 3 do.; Yorktown, 1 do.; St. Simon's Island, 1 do.; Port Royal, 1 do.; Fernandina, Fla., 1 do.

The Treasurer received contributions in money

Up to 7th mo. 1st	$295 68	
Received since 9th mo	1,963 60	—$2,259 28
Paid for goods, etc.	2,103 16	
" express and porterage	5 75	
	$2,108 91	
Cash on hand	150 37	—$2,259 28

Letters from responsible persons in the different places where the Freedmen are congregated are still being received, stating the necessity for additional assistance, as some time must elapse before this people will be able to entirely support themselves.

We trust that those persons who sympathize with us in our efforts, and have already contributed, will not weary in their well-doing, and that those who have not contributed will now give according to their ability. Donations may be sent to

RACHEL S. EVANS, President, north-east corner of Eleventh and Vine streets.

MARGARET A. GRISCOM, Treasurer, 1028 Arch street.
ELIZABETH I. FERRIS, Secretary, 937 Franklin street.
ANNA WHARTON, Corresponding Secretary, 336 Spruce street.

Philadelphia, 1st mo. 6th, 1863.

New Publications.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for January (No. CCXXXV.) contains seven articles, viz: 1. The Later Writings of John Stuart Mill; 2. The Palestinian Word; 3. Buckle's Treatment of History; 4. De Quincey; 5. Modern Romanism and Modern Protestantism; 6. The Peace Policy: How it is urged, and What it means; 7. Review of Current Literature. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

The first article is a worthy recognition of one of the clearest and wisest of living thinkers, in the domain of political science, and who has earned a title to the gratitude of every loyal American by his intelligent and earnest espousal, before the people of England and of all Europe, of the cause of the North in opposition to the Southern rebellion. The review of Buckle, it seems to us, is a fair though searching exposure of the inherent weakness of that author's theory of human progress and development. The article on "The Peace Policy" is a true and timely word upon the present aspects of the war in its relations to the cause of universal liberty. "The true peace policy," says the writer, "we hold to be the policy of emancipation. The Administration and Congress are alike committed to it by every pledge on which their honor can be staked. It is assented to, we believe, by the overwhelming conviction of the people at large. It is the new and zealous creed of thousands whom the perils of the country have drawn to forsake old party ties, and joined to rescue the national life. It is attested as the sure and only way of victory, by increasing numbers of those citizen soldiers who went into the war hotly prejudiced the other way, and is urged by many among the ablest and wisest officers, as a clear military necessity, if the government means and expects to conquer. We believe that facts have shown this policy likely to be the safest and humanest even for the days of peril that are now passing over us, and for that very period of transition which to the thoughtful has always seemed so full of dread. The slave aristocracy must fall that the nation may survive. In its fall there will doubtless be suffering and terror. So there will be at any rate. That was inevitable when the first blow of open war was struck. But the South will be regenerated; its population, its industries, its civilization will be renewed. And the nation will be saved. It will be delivered, for the first time, from the one great menace that since the beginning has cast its shade upon our prosperity. It will have won by the sword, and fortified on principles of eternal justice, the sure conditions of its true policy of peace."

"ROLL, JORDAN, ROLL," is the title of No. 2 of the "Songs of the Freedmen of Port Royal," collected and arranged by Miss LUCY MCKIM, of Philadelphia. No. 1, "Poor Rosy, Poor Gal," has attracted no little attention among those who feel an interest in the development of African genius, and we cannot doubt that No. 2 will meet an equally cordial reception. It is to be hoped that Miss McKim will be encouraged to publish the remainder of the series, six in number. The two already printed may be had at this office, price, 25 cents each.

AN HISTORICAL RESEARCH respecting the Opinions of the Founders of the Republic on Negroes as Slaves, as Citizens, and as Soldiers. Read before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Aug. 14, 1862. By GEORGE LIVERMORE. 8vo., pp. 215.

We received, some weeks since, a copy of this very valuable compilation, but postponed an acknowledgment thereof in the hope of finding space for a somewhat extended review, embodying copious extracts. Unable even now to execute our first design, we avail ourselves of the notice of Mr. Livermore's labors in the pages of *The Christian Examiner*, as follows:

"Mr. Livermore has done a noble service to a great and holy cause in preparing a mirror of truth which faithfully reflects the past, to be held up to the eyes and minds of the present generation. He has called upon history to testify to the shame of all who have allowed themselves to drift away from the glorious principles which were recognized in the birth and baptism of our nation. He has invoked the patriot founders of the Republic again to sit in convention before the nation, and to tell us what to them was truth and policy and righteousness. By thoroughness of investigation, by candor and impartiality of selection, and by a sufficiently exhaustive draught upon his materials to present all the substantial elements of his theme, he has completed a most valuable work. Documents of prime value, of unquestioned authenticity, and conveying the minds of their writers or speakers with old-fashioned frankness, are spread before us in the beauty of modern book-art; and as we read them we learn to take wiser views, and to entertain brighter hopes of our distracted times. Mr. Livermore rightfully proceeds on the idea that the Constitution, being the work of men who had achieved their independence, was designed to be interpreted in consistency with the principles on which they declared their right to independence. Our own historical reading had long since satisfied us that, bating the acrimony and vituperation which some of the 'Abolitionists,' goaded by the abuse visited upon them, had mixed with their testimony, they had said nothing about the iniquity or the mischief-working effects of slavery which might not be over-matched in emphasis and intensity of denunciation by quotations from the speeches and writings of our great patriots, especially of those who lived in regions where slavery had visited its dreariest blight upon the land, its homes, and its people, and who were themselves slaveholders. Whether Mr. Livermore designed it or not, the series and collocation of his extracts touching the pleas and professions of most of the slaveholding members of several of the Conventions have the effect of exposing the cunning and duplicity with which, while seeming to coincide with Northern sentiment and the spirit of freedom, they adroitly secured aid and comfort to slavery. This portion of Mr. Livermore's volume is thus made to offer a striking commentary upon a passage in a sternly severe vein, which the reader will find in a letter from the venerable Nestor of the Society, the Hon. Josiah Quincy: 'Disgust at slavery was so general as to be little less than universal. Among slaveholders, the language and hope of putting an end to the evil as soon as possible was on all their tongues; but, alas! it was far from being in all their hearts.'

"In the second part of his Research, Mr. Livermore gives us a most admirable *résumé* of the historical materials afforded by the military annals of our republic for deciding the views of our patriots on the expediency of employing negroes, bond or free, as soldiers, and upon the consequent change in the *status* of slaves to which they were or ought to be entitled when actually employed as soldiers. It has become a matter of equal interest for both parties in our civil war to know the precedents on this subject. There were also two parties to be interested in it in the Revolutionary war, the English and the Americans. Mr. Livermore instructs us how cautiously the subject was first opened by both parties then, how deliberately it was treated, and how decidedly the English and American leaders alike accorded in the policy of making soldiers of slaves, and in the consequent righteousness of enfranchising all of any color who had fought in their ranks.

"This work is not on sale at any publisher's, the author having, of his own generosity, made free distribution of it. But it ought to be within reach of the largest public."

REMINISCENCES OF THE BEST HOURS OF LIFE for the Hour of Death, etc. By JEAN PAUL FRIEDERICK RICHTER. New York: James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.).

This is a little book which every truly religious person, of whatever sect, will love. It breathes the very spirit of heaven—the spirit of purity and peace, and is therefore calculated to foster noble thoughts, to kindle high aspirations, and to move the hand to works of righteousness and benevolence.

AN OFFERING OF SYMPATHY TO THE AFFLICTED: Especially to Bereaved Parents. By FRANCIS PARKMAN, D.D. A New Edition, revised, with additions, by FREDERICK A. FARLEY, D.D. New York: James Miller (successor to C. S. Francis & Co.).

This is a collection of pieces, in prose and verse, from various writers, among whom we observe the following: H. W. Longfellow, F. W. P. Greenwood, George Ripley, W. B. O. Peabody, W. H. Furness, W. E. Channing, H. W. Bellows, John Pierpont, F. H. Hedge, Samuel Longfellow, and Charles Dickens. The great truths which can alone console parents bereaved of their children are here set forth in language appropriate and impressive.

THE TRIBUNE ALMANAC AND POLITICAL REGISTER for 1863. J. F. CLEVELAND, Compiler. New York: Tribune Association.

This almanac contains, beside the usual astronomical matter, a list of the Executive and Judicial officers of the General government; the roll of members of the Senate and House of Representatives, politically classified; important tables from the last U. S. Census; Statistics of the Army and Navy; synopsis of recent acts of Congress, including the TAX and Tariff laws; Chronicle of the Rebellion; Election Returns; list of States, Capitals, Governors, times of legislative meetings, etc., etc.

Proceedings of Congress.

In the Senate on the 7th, Mr. Trumbull of Ill. (Rep.) from the Judiciary Committee, reported back the petition of certain citizens of Maryland, asking for the immediate repeal of the act abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, with the recommendation that the prayer of the petitioners ought not to be granted. On the same day Mr. Field (Rep., N. J.) made a strong speech in support of the anti-slavery measures of the Administration. Mr. Wilson (Rep., Mass.), in a speech upon the bill forfeiting the pay of officers absent from duty, stated that there were now 7,300 officers absent, with or without leave, and 411 who had deserted from the front. On the 9th, Mr. Sumner introduced a bill to suspend the sale of land on the islands on the coast of South Carolina and Georgia, in and about Port Royal. Referred to the Military Committee. On Monday, Mr. Wilson (Rep., Mass.) presented a memorial from the Emancipation League of Boston for the organization of a Bureau of Emancipation. Mr. Willey (Union, W. Va.) introduced a bill to aid Western Virginia "in the more speedy and final abolishment of slavery in said State." Referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Harlan (Rep. Iowa) offered a resolution requesting the President to inform the Senate what measures have been adopted to enforce the provisions of the act to suppress the insurrection and confiscate the property of rebels, and if any additional legislation is necessary for the enforcement of said act. Adopted. Mr. Clark (Rep., N. H.) offered a resolution requesting the Committee on the Conduct of the War to inquire and report what are the objections and the causes of the delay in the execution of the act to confiscate the property of rebels, especially in the District of Columbia, and whether any legislation is necessary to secure the more prompt execution of the act. Adopted. Mr. Saulsbury (Dem., Del.) disgraced himself by remarks which compelled the Chair to require him to take his seat.

In the House on the 8th, a resolution of thanks to Gen. Butler for his administration at New Orleans was adopted, yeas 83, nays 28. Mr. Wickliffe (Dem, Ky.) offered a resolution calling upon the Secretary of the Treasury and the Secretary of War to make a full report of their action and doings at Port Royal, South Carolina, and in Georgia, with regard to the care and employment of the slaves, the number of agents and overseers, the product of the labor, the expense, etc. On motion of Mr. Stevens (Rep., Pa.) it was laid on the table, by a vote of 81 against 50. On Monday, on motion of Mr. Dunn (Rep., Ind.) the Secretary of the Treasury was requested to inform the House, so far as in his power, what amount has been expended since the rebellion in the employment and sustenance of slaves in the disloyal States, and to what extent such expenses have been compensated by the services of said slaves. Mr. Wilson (Rep., Iowa) introduced the following joint resolution, and moved that it be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary:

Whereas, The President of the United States, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, did, on the 1st of January, 1863, issue his Proclamation in the following words, to wit: (Here follows the Emancipation Proclamation); therefore,

Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, in Congress assembled, That the said Proclamation of the President, as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy, be and the same is hereby ratified, approved and confirmed.

Mr. Cox (Dem., O.) moved to lay the resolution on the table. Not agreed to—50 against 85. The resolution was referred to the Committee on the Judiciary. Mr. Eliot (Rep., Mass.) asked leave to introduce a bill to establish a Bureau of Emancipation. Mr. Holman (Dem., Ind.) raised the objection that no notice had been given of intention to introduce the bill, which objection the Speaker sustained. Mr. Stevens (Rep., Pa.) introduced a bill setting forth that the terms of the enlistment of soldiers will soon expire, and as it is expedient to have soldiers whose constitutions peculiarly fit them for Southern campaigns, therefore, be it enacted that the President is authorized and required to raise, equip, and organize 150,000 persons of color, of African descent, to serve five years as artillery, infantry, and cavalry, to receive $5 per month, the non-commissioned officers $10, together with rations, etc., one-half to be set aside for the use of their families, and in case of no families, the money to be retained for them until the expiration of their term of service. Commissioned officers to have the same pay as those in the regular army; company officers may be either white or black; and recruiting stations may be established either in the North or South. Mr. Cox (Dem., Ohio) moved to lay the bill on the table. The motion was lost by a vote of Yeas 53, Nays 83. On motion of Mr. Stevens, the further consideration of the subject was postponed until Wednesday week.

Mr. May (Pro-Slav., Md.) offered the following preamble and resolutions:

Whereas, Maryland has been proclaimed as a loyal State, and whereas slaves escaping therefrom into the District of Columbia, after being remanded to jail to await the reclamation of their owners, have been taken from the custody of the Marshal by the military authorities, in destruction of their rights of property, and in violation of the solemnly guaranteed rights of the people of Maryland and of the Constitution; therefore—

Resolved, That the Committee on the Judiciary be instructed to ascertain the facts and the law concerning the same, and report the result of their investigations at an early day, and such measures of legislation as will put an end to these unlawful and unconstitutional proceedings.

Resolved, That a copy of this preamble and resolution be transmitted to the President, in order that he may see that the Constitution and the laws are executed in this District, which is under his personal observation and authority.

Mr. Samuel C. Fessenden (Rep., Me.) moved to lay the preamble and resolutions on the table. Motion carried by Yeas, 68; Nays, 44. Mr. May then offered a resolution, which was objected to, setting forth that Col. Swain and his officers had enticed certain negroes from Charles County, Maryland, in violation of the Constitution and laws of Maryland and of these United States, and requesting the President to cause the same to be investigated, in order that the said abducted slaves may be restored to their owners, etc., and that the Committee on the Judiciary report what legislation is necessary in the premises.

On motion of Mr. Thomas (Union, Md.) the Select Committee on Emancipation was instructed to inquire into the expediency of making an appropriation to aid Maryland in a system of emancipation and colonization of persons of color now in that State. On motion of Mr. Brown (Va.) the same Committee was similarly instructed with reference to the bill to aid the State of West Virginia in the emancipation of her slaves.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News.

LAST week we reported the capture of Vicksburg, but the report soon proved false. Gen. Sherman, instead of gaining a victory, was completely repulsed, and the entire force, under the direction of Gen. McClernand, reembarked on transports, closely pressed by the enemy—who, however, coming too near the gunboats, were driven back with heavy loss. At last accounts, the expedition had arrived at Island No. 82, on the way to Napoleon. The fighting at Vicksburg has evidently been much exaggerated, as our losses are now stated at only 600 killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 missing.

Galveston has been recaptured by the rebels, under command of Gen. Magruder. It appears that the place was attacked by land and water on the morning of the 1st inst. Col. Burrill and his men, who were on shore, were all killed or taken prisoners. Five rebel steamers, barricaded with cotton bales, made an attack on the Harriet Lane, and carried her by boarding. Capt. Wainright, Lieut. Lee and all the men were killed or captured. Capt. Wilson, of the Owasco, was killed. Commodore Renshaw blew up the flag ship Westfield to prevent her falling into the rebel's hands, and by a premature explosion he and his First Lieutenant, Zimmermann, were killed. Two barges loaded with coal, also fell into the hands of the rebels, who were believed to be about 5,000 strong, while our force on shore did not number more than 300, the residue of our men not having arrived at the time of the attack. All the transports having troops on board had returned to New Orleans in consequence of this disaster, which will no doubt speedily be retrieved.

The Army and the Negroes.

EVERYWHERE THE AMERICAN GENERAL RECEIVES HIS MOST USEFUL AND RELIABLE INFORMATION FROM THE NEGRO, *who hails his coming as the harbinger of Freedom."—Wm. H. Seward's Official Dispatch to Mr. Adams.*

FIRST OF JANUARY IN NEW ORLEANS.—A correspondent of *The Times*, under date January 2, writes from New Orleans: "I told you in one of my former letters of two allegorical figures" that the colored population had got carved, in order to use on the 1st of January, as a demonstration of their sudden access to liberty. Just as I imagined, the figures were not permitted to be used; Gen. Banks, no doubt, thinking that any such demonstration, even if privately conducted, might lead to a breach of the public peace, if any of the most violent secessionists here should get to a knowledge of the proceedings. I went yesterday to see the figures, which are now dressed up, and presented quite a unique representation of a male and female African. They have been taken from the carver's, but the old man cheerfully conveyed us to where they are at present located, in the private residence of a colored dame. On arriving there the sable hostess made no difficulty of giving admission to myself and the two or three other visitors who accompanied me, and chairs were drawn out for us to sit down and examine the works of art, with the yokes round their necks, the artist himself complacently patting on the shoulder one of his own productions, and saying: "I bet dat ist as fine a negro woman as you shall see anywhere." They seem to entertain no feeling of disappointment at the ceremony not having taken place on the 1st; being apparently certain that it will be permitted to come off on the 15th, by which time they doubtless expect to know the full purport of the President's Emancipation proclamation.

"There were many who expected that the advent of the 1st of January would have created some little stir among the colored population, and I have reason to know that, in anticipation of any possible disturbance, our soldiers were so disposed of as to check it immediately. Up to the present time, however, not the remotest symptoms of any disorderly intent, on the part of the negroes, has made its appearance in this city or neighborhood. The colored population move about in their ordinary dull, quiet, listless manner—and if any rebellious spirit is at work among them, they have the art of concealing it most thoroughly from the most vigilant eyes. It is true that, on one plantation—now worked by free labor, and which I shall visit to-day or to-morrow—an overseer was murdered some time ago; and that on another plantation—some ten miles from the city—still worked by slaves, a few restless spirits had to be punished and put in the stocks; but nothing at all approaching a concerted resistance. Still the calmest and most unsuspecting looker-on cannot help feeling that the material on these plantations is, at present, of the most dangerous and inflammatory character; and I dread to think of what *might* be the result if the planters attempt to carry out—what many say they will—coercion by main force. It is only fair to state that those who ought best to know the character of the slave, seem to be the only ones who entertain no fear whatever about his actions. I hope they are right."

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF REVENGE.—*Helena, Ark., Dec. 29, 1862.*—Last night the handsome residence of Mr. Craig, a wealthy slaveholder residing a few miles below, was destroyed by fire, by his slaves. This Mr. Craig is the man who permitted his negroes to be used in aid of the rebellion, to whom Gen. Curtis gave free papers, but whom Gen. Steele returned to their master by a military guard and an order in his own handwriting, from the Post Hospital, where they were employed by the Post Surgeon, from whence they were carried for Mr. Craig to his own plantation.

Dave Bostwick and his family were the subjects of this military order, which I embodied in my last letter; and the result of their forcible return to their master and the discontent of the slaves are seen in the conflagration of Mr. Craig's dwelling, with all its furniture, he and his wife only escaping with their lives. Some of the slaves were armed, and fired shots at their master and mistress as they were escaping—so the latter report; but whether they imagined this in their alarm, or it is a reality, I am quite uncertain.

Such are some of the consequences of forcing into slavery those who have, even for a brief season, tasted the sweets of Liberty. So will it be, also, when this war is over, if the last vestige of this barbarous institution be not effectually removed forever.—*Tribune.*

THE FREED PEOPLE AT CAIRO.—We learn from Western correspondence that our friends, Levi Coffin of Cincinnati, and Job Hadley and wife of Springtown, Ind., have visited Cairo for the purpose of ascertaining the number and condition of the freed people at that place. On the 8th inst., L. Coffin was about to return home, and J. H. and wife intended to proceed to Memphis and other places on the Mississippi, expecting, on their return to Cairo, to reside there for a time and assist in the care and instruction of the colored people. About 1,100, mostly women and children, are collected at Cairo, and about the same number is reported at Columbus and Corinth. Rations of food are furnished by the government, but there is great need of a supply of clothing and medicine as well as kind attention and instruction.

Friends in Indiana, and, we hope, in other parts of the West, are actively engaged in raising subscriptions, and will, no doubt, take proper measures to apply them to the relief of the sufferers.

Two members of a Committee of the New York Representative Meeting of Friends, recently visited the freed people in their lodgings and encampments, at Alexandria, Fortress Monroe, Norfolk and Craney Island, and are preparing a report, which, it is hoped, will enable Friends in the Middle and Eastern States to give judicious direction and application to their benevolent efforts.—*Phil. Friends' Review.*

FOUR THOUSAND NEGROES in Norfolk, Va., celebrated the Emancipation proclamation on the first instant, by a procession headed by a band of music, which marched through the principal streets of the city.

THE NEGROES THROUGHOUT MISSISSIPPI are flying away in every direction; those that remain have flatly refused to work, and they are only kept from open demonstration by a promise, on the part of their masters, to pay them for their labor.—*New Orleans Cor. Times.*

CONDITION OF THE RELEASED SLAVES NEAR THE ARMY OF THE WEST.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* gives a deplorable account of the condition of the runaway and released slaves on the rivers below. It says the number of colored persons at the different stations from Cairo to Helena, and including there, with Corinth and Grand Junction, is thought to be from 15,000 to 20,000, although it is constantly varying at each point. When the rivers rise and our gunboats and armies ascend them into the interior, the number must be largely increased. A large proportion of these are old and infirm, and women and young children, a large portion of the able-bodied negroes being taken into the interior whenever our armies approach. Government has done what it could to provide for their wants, but they are huddled in barracks and sheds, built of green timber, which, from its shrinking, leaves them greatly exposed to the cold, and with but a scanty supply of clothing and bedding. *The Gazette* says:

"The government supplies them with rations, but unless they can be furnished to some extent with vegetable food, the worst forms of disease may be expected to sweep them away. The government has forwarded the funds needed to pay those employed, and yet it is stated that the men in some cases have labored from two to seven months without receiving anything, though the money was in the paymaster's hands. In other cases it is declared that the subordinate overseers cheat the negroes in the pay-roll, drawing, for instance, a full month's pay from the government and handing over to the negro laborer only for a few days' work. In addition to this, they are subjected often to more brutal treatment from drunken subordinates than they had from their old overseers of the plantation. They are kicked, cuffed and knocked down without provocation and with no redress. The condition of these poor wretches under such men may be seen from a statement in regard to them at one point, made by two witnesses independent of each other. At one of our military stations below, during the recent rebel raids, about seven hundred negroes had come in, fleeing from the advance of the rebel troops. These were huddled into an old stable, with nothing to lie or sit upon, with no fire, with little clothing, no blankets, and for more than twenty-four hours without food. Here were the old, the infirm, the sick women and small children, after the fatigue and terror of their flight, herded in this old stable, with less care and fewer comforts than the brutes. At the same point, others were in the open air, with no shelter, hovering around such fires as they could keep alive, which the first shower would extinguish. And this in the Winter and on a soil whose surface every rain covers with pools of water. The want of shelter, of clothing, of bedding, of proper food even, will send them to the grave by hundreds before spring, unless relieved. Now, when it is considered that every day will add thousands to the number of those along the Mississippi and its tributaries, it is easy to see the bearing which this condition will have on the question of emancipation, and that it behooves every friend of the government to aid in devising speedily some efficient system by which these helpless ones may be reserved from brutality and placed at least in the hands of their friends."

INFLUX OF CONTRABANDS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—A New England officer, writing from Plymouth, N. C., speaks as follows of the influx of contrabands, and of the scarcity of salt among the rebels: "There are or have been over six hundred contrabands whom we have had to feed. I shipped to Newbern yesterday and the day before, about four hundred of them, which has relieved us very much. They come into our lines every day, more or less, and we have to feed them."

HIGGINSON'S BLACK BRIGADE.—Tiffany and Co., New York, have completed a handsome flag, to be presented to the negro brigade of South Carolina, of which Col. T. W. Higginson's regiment is the nucleus. The flag is a beautiful national banner, inscribed, "1st Regt. S. C. Vols.—God gives liberty to all." The staff, which is of ebony, is silver mounted, with a silver spear at the top. The large silver hand-band bears the following inscription: "Presented to the 1st S. C. Volunteers by a daughter of Connecticut." The flag was made at a cost of $100, and will be forwarded to Port Royal by the first transport which leaves for that place.

THE PROCLAMATION AMONG THE SLAVES.—A correspondent of the Watertown (Wis.) *Democrat*, writing from Helena, Ark., relates the following incident: While at Montgomery several hands came on board, among them a pretty sharp negro, who was brought into the cabin in presence of the officers, and interrogated as to what he knew about the rebels, etc. Among other things they asked him why he run away and left his master? He said, four niggers run down to the boats the day before, and he went to a neighboring plantation to see his sweetheart, and it was three o'clock in the morning when he returned. His master accused him of trying to run away too and failing, and he should give him a hundred lashes in the morning. He said he had intended to stay till the first of January, and quit honorably with his master, but when he heard the sentence he thought he had better square accounts and leave that night.

"What do you mean, Jack, by the first of January?"

"O, the niggers all gowin to be free then."

"How did you learn that?"

"When the gentlemen come to massa's, they talk about it, and the house servants hear it."

"Do the negroes on the other plantations generally understand this?"

"Yes, sir, they all do."

"When did you hear of these men talking about such things last?"

"Three or four nights ago."

"What did they say then?"

"They said they were going to have a meeting down to Jackson, and have a stop put to this war, kase they are paying all their money, and would lose all their niggers, and twouldn't mount to noffin."

"Are all the negroes loyal?"

"No, sir; sometimes they go out for spies."

He stated that they had eighty negroes, and one that his master sent out as a spy. He said the other negroes got him into their quarters to play cards; kicked up a fuss, and pounded him so that he couldn't go again very soon.

FROM NEWBERN, N. C.—A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* at Newbern, N. C., writes the following concerning a negro school at that place:

"I have just visited a negro school. I never had such hard work to control my risibles in my life. There sat along the sides of the room, all in one class, little girls of five years and men of forty—each equally advanced in their studies. Of course, their curiosity was excited to see the stranger. So, occasionally, they looked up, which called forth from the old man in charge the admonition, 'Confine yerselves to yer buks. Sam, keep yer eyes on yer knowledge buks. Miss Susan, stop dat, or I'll give yer de cowskin 'cross yer legs,' and other equally gentle corrections. I heard them read; and as they were standing up in rows, without regard to height or age, reading in concert (?) interspersed with the old man's scowls over his big brass spectacles, and his threatenings with the cowskin, I could not resist an involuntary smile."

A WORD FROM COLUMBUS, KY.—A correspondent, writing to us from Columbus, Ky., describes his visitations among the colored people of the neighborhood, five hundred of whom he found quartered in a long stable, presenting a great number of little groups, each over a fire, cooking rations. He says:

"It is amusing to hear the discussions among the men on the subject of their present distressed condition. One says, 'Bredren, we's come to de Red Sea, dat is jes where we am: de 'Giptians is behind us, de river is afore us; now what we wants is de rod. Dat is de prayers of Christians to take us over de river. Unbelief is great, but God will speak by-and-by through Massa Linkum, and say, *Go forward*—den we'll march. We must have *patience*."

It will gladden the hearts of these humble men to know that, at length, God *has* spoken through Mr. Lincoln, saying, "Let my people go." May God have them in his holy keeping!

Miscellaneous Department.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD-FASHIONED TUNE.

"Our new government is founded upon exactly opposite ideas. Its corner-stone rests on the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man—that slavery is his natural and normal condition. Thus our government is the first in the history of the world based upon this great physical, philosophical, and moral truth."—*Speech of Vice-President Stephens at Savannah.*

WHEN slavery first, at Hell's command,
Rose rampant o'er the Atlantic main,
This was the charter of the land,
From jail and coffle swelled the strain.
"O'er serfs, not men, our banner waves,
This land forever shall hold slaves."

In regions far less blessed than thee,
From human forms old fetters fall,
Thy choice perpetual chains to see,
Ever to hear the lashes fall.
March shameless on, your banner waves
Over ten thousand freemen's graves.

Thy hand no nation free shall shake,
No Christian tongue shall call thee free,
While men a mocking gibe shall make
Of that republic o'er the sea,
Whose soil free stream and ocean laves,
Forever to be tilled by slaves.

On thee shall fall the scornful jest,
That thou didst choose, on corner-stone
Of slavery, the State to rest,
In ignominy standing lone.
March on, huge sham! with banner flying
O'er freedom mocked and true hearts dying.

Trader and driver, keen bloodhound
Shall to thy wretched coasts repair,
With corsair swift from Afric bound,
New victims in its gloomy lair.
Protected by the flag that waves,
Its motto—"Ever to hold slaves."

Thou isle, "with matchless beauty crowned,"
"Ye manly hearts," that love what's fair,
Noble, and just, is no blush found
When lands like this demand your care?
True Britons never will hold slaves;
Why love the land where that flag waves?

Oh, land which is the polar star
Of liberty the wide world o'er,
Oh, sacred soil, where fetters fall
From limbs that only touch thy shore—
Confessing freedom's noblest creed,
Wilt thou turn traitor in her need?

Oh, "hearts that breath'd," oh, "words that burn'd,"
In mighty British souls of yore;
Oh, men who freedom's lessons learned
From poets, statesmen, now no more,
Cry out from your forgotten graves—
"Love not the land that rests on slaves!"

—*London Morning Star.* . H. R.

FREEDOM FOR THE SLAVE.

GREAT PUBLIC MEETING IN LAMBETH.

From The London Morning Star, Dec. 13.

A DENSELY crowded and most enthusiastic meeting was held last evening in the large building known as Lambeth Baths, Westminster road, to express sympathy with the anti-slavery party in America. At least 3,000 persons of all classes of society were present, and the proceedings were characterized by the greatest possible unanimity and earnestness. The chair was occupied by the Rev. Newman Hall, LL.B., minister of Surrey Chapel, and the Rev. J. H. Rylance, A.K.C., minister of St. Paul's, Westminster road, attended as a deputation from the Emancipation Society, under whose auspices the meeting was convened. The following, among others, were present on the platform: Mr. Geo. Thompson, Mr. W. Wilks, Mr. C. Wright, Mr. G. M. Murphy, Rev. Mr. Evans, Rev. W. Hawkins, Mr. G. Law, Mr. J. Maxwell, Mr. N. Huntingdon, Mr. J. Govie, Mr. A. H. Dymond, Mr. F. W. Chesson, etc.

Considerable interest was added to the meeting by the presence of no less a personage than the colored coachman of Mr. Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States. William Andrew Jackson, the individual in question, has only recently arrived in this country, having escaped from slavery.

The Chairman said that the meeting had been summoned for the purpose of eliciting and expressing the popular sentiment in reference to the great question of emancipation. Some persons said that there was a reaction in England on this subject, and that the people of England did not abhor slavery as once they did. He did not believe it (loud cheers). Whatever might have been expressed by certain newspapers and by certain public men, he believed that the heart of Old England beat now as it ever did—true to freedom (loud applause). This was a *bona fide* meeting, and every one would be at liberty to propose what amendment he liked; but while he, as Chairman, would act with perfect impartiality, he was far from feeling neutral. To say so would be a disgrace and a lie. He loved and honored the cause of labor, and therefore he could not be neutral (loud cheers). He was an Englishman, and could not be neutral. He believed in the rights of man, and could not be neutral (renewed cheers). He was a minister of a religion which taught him to love his neighbor as himself, and therefore he could not be neutral (applause). Man had no more a right to rob a working man of his labor than to rob the land-owner of his acres or the capitalist of his gold. But slavery degraded the laborer, and thus degraded labor all over the world. Englishmen had equal rights everywhere. Let any one come here with a band of servants, though he might call them slaves, the moment they touched these shores masters and slaves would both be in subjection to the laws, and all be equally free. It was the inalienable right of every man to seek to promote his own happiness as he thought best, so long as he did not interfere with similar rights of other people. It was impossible morally or rightfully for man to hold property in his fellow-man. The gospel of Christ was wholly opposed to such a monstrous doctrine, and therefore slavery was opposed to Christianity. If there were a set of people who claimed a right to hold property in man as a fundamental principle of their federation, and to perpetuate and spread slavery all over the world, Englishmen could not have any sympathy with them (loud cheers). Englishmen could not desire to recognize them as a separate empire, or see their representatives kneeling before our glorious Queen, and defiling the hands which held a sceptre only over the free (loud applause). He rejoiced that the sentiments which he expressed were sympathized with by so many of his fellow-countrymen, and he thought, therefore, that they were bound to extend their cordial sympathy to those who, equally with themselves, were the friends of emancipation, and who were bravely and earnestly fighting its battles. Even if there were some persons in the Northern States who were not sincere Abolitionists, it must not be forgotten that millions were the earnest friends of abolition, and had given pledges of their sincerity. In the District of Columbia slavery had been already abolished, and it had been decreed that whenever a State should voluntarily liberate its slaves it should be compensated by the United States government. Since the war had begun, at least 200,000 slaves had escaped to the North, and President Lincoln had declared that on and after January the 1st, 1863, slavery should altogether cease throughout the United States (loud applause). They would be recreant to the great cause of freedom if they could know these things without gladdened hearts. Who could refuse sympathy with those whose efforts had for years been tending towards such a result? England was too great to wish the war to continue for the sake of weakening and humbling America. Americans were our kinsmen and brothers; multitudes of us had relations and representatives there; and would to God they might continue in their great career without such contests as the one now raging (hear hear). At the same time, he did not see how the war could terminate until slavery was brought to an end; and, therefore, when he prayed that the war might end, he also prayed that slavery might cease (cheers). There were those in England who uttered words of unkindness and suspicion about America, and there were those there who returned such language with interest; but he hoped none of that audience would be among the number of such persons. Why should they try to foment wicked passions which might hereafter lead to a war with our kinsmen—a war which, if it did break out, would be one of the most disastrous that could be conceived. No, let them send peaceful, loving messages across the Atlantic, in spite of what the English newspapers said (loud cheers). The sions did not represent the true feeling of England (loud cheers). Might they not suppose, therefore, that the American newspapers which followed that example, as little represented the feeling in America? (Hear, hear.) He hoped that slavery and war would soon come to an end—that freedom and peace would make glad that great country—and that England and America, hand in hand, would labor together to spread civilization, freedom and Christianity (loud applause).

Mr. Murphy moved the following resolution: "That slavery dishonors and injures the cause of labor, is subversive of the rights of humanity, and tramples on the plainest precepts of Christianity."

The Rev. Mr. Evans seconded the motion.

Mr. George Thompson, who was received with loud and repeated cheering, supported the resolution. He said that if he were addressing an audience composed of the privileged classes, or of the shipowners, cotton brokers and privateers, he might be doubtful of the result. But as he was speaking before a free meeting, composed of persons who had no direct interest, political or commercial, in the maintenance of slavery in America, and who were not jealous of the power, magnitude, and future destiny of America, he felt satisfied that the resolution which had been submitted would be carried all but if not quite unanimously (cheers). A week ago he had received a letter from a friend in the Staffordshire Potteries who had been engaged in getting up a series of meetings, and who had come to the conclusion that nearly three-fourths of the genteel classes in Staffordshire sympathized with the South (hisses, and "No, no"). He (Mr. Thompson) had, however, since then addressed large and enthusiastic meetings at Hanley, Burslem, and Newcastle-under-Lyne, and though he had courted opposition, the only kind of hostility that he evoked was one solitary "No" in response to a particular statement. That was the only form which the pro-slavery feeling in the Potteries assumed (cheers). There had been the most insidious and laborious attempts to pervert the minds of the sufferers in Lancashire. Twelve months ago Mr. Massey, the member for Salford, and Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, addressed a meeting of operatives and others in his own borough, in a speech calculated to incite them to demand that the government of this country should interfere in American affairs in such a manner as should raise the blockade and lead to the exportation of cotton to this country (shame). He, moreover, ventured upon an assertion, which was afterwards flatly contradicted by *The Moniteur*, that Napoleon had again and again urged the government of this country to join with him in such an interference. It was his opinion that Mr. Massey was sent down to feel the minds of the people of the North, but all the efforts which had been made to incite them to discontent and remonstrance against our present neutrality in American affairs had utterly failed (loud cheers). There was a Confederate Society in London, holding its meetings in Devonshire street, Portland place, and the first meeting was held last week. Persons attending had to write their name and address on the ticket, and the lecturer in the course of his address complained of the Morrill tariff and ascribed to it the Southern secession. [A gentleman in the room asked him if the Southern Senators might not have exerted themselves in Congress to modify that tariff, and whether they were not too busy about secession to do so.] The lecturer replied that no question was to be put, and on being reminded that the lecturer himself had had full liberty accorded him at a meeting convened by the other side, a policeman was called into the room and the interrogator was quietly walked off (hear, hear). Granting that there might be many persons in North America who were not sincere Abolitionists, what great measure of reform had ever been carried in this country with entire unanimity? It was not so with the anti-slavery movement, or the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts, or Catholic emancipation, or the repeal of the corn laws (hear, hear). The fact was that America was as sincere in the anti-slavery movement as England ever was, as a nation, on any of those great questions. He pitied those men who could not sympathize with either the North or the South, in the presence of a slaveholders' rebellion on the one side, and twenty or twenty-one States on the other, struggling for their national existence, trying to uphold the authority of their Constitution, and to save the free institutions which were so dear to them, and so hateful to the South (cheers). The Northern States had been the conservators of freedom since 1822, when to be an Abolitionist was dangerous to a man's prosperity, and even to his life. In 1856, a clear majority of voters in the free States voted for Fremont on the same principles as those upon which Lincoln was elected. Columbia had been made free, and New York had entirely ceased to be a port for slave ships—the first slave captain caught there since Lincoln came into power having expiated his crime upon the gallows (cheers). The island of St. Domingo had also been recognized by the Northern States since Lincoln became President, and an envoy from the black republic could now take his place among the pale-faced diplomatists from European nations at the court of Washington. These and other tokens had been given by the United States that she was in earnest in the anti-slavery movement. *The Times* correspondent at Richmond pictured slavery as a very delightful thing, and said that runaway slaves were only too glad to come back again to their masters. *The Times* correspondent had, however, been imposed upon, as it was a well-known trick of the negroes to return with many professions of repentance, and afterwards to entice many of their fellow-slaves to escape with them a second time (cheers and laughter). Mr. Thompson resumed his seat amid long and continued applause.

The resolution was then carried by acclamation.

Mr. Law moved, "That the people of Great Britain can never sympathize with, nor desire the recognition of, any nation which asserts as one of its fundamental principles the right of maintaining and extending the system of slavery."

Mr. Parke, of Southwark, a gentleman whose father was tarred and feathered in the slave States, in consequence of his abolition principles, seconded the motion.

The Rev. J. H. Rylance, the deputation from the Emancipation Society, said it was high time that the voice of the masses of Englishmen should be heard on this question. He had travelled through the United States, and having had an opportunity of knowing the people in their own homes, he was sick at heart to see the systematic course of libelling which several newspapers in England pursued towards them. Many persons were led to believe that the Yankees cared nothing for the slaves. Nothing could be farther from the truth. But even supposing that it were so, was there less need of the remonstrance of Englishmen against slavery? ("No, no.") Would England be justified on that account in helping those who would tighten the bonds and fetters of the slave? ("No.") But the Northerners had a very good answer to make to us. It was Great Britain which imported pro-slavery sentiments into the free States. John Mitchel had found a congenial home in Tennessee upon a plantation well stocked with slaves, and Mr. Edwin James, who in this country stood shoulder to shoulder with the men who had fought the anti-slavery battle, was now learning the alphabet of his adopted country under the tutorship of Fernando Wood, of New York (hear, hear). We imported such men into New York, and then sneered at the Americans for not being what they ought to be. New York city gave a majority of 30,000 votes in favor of the Democratic candidate for Governor. When the State votes were added, the majority was reduced to 10,000, showing that among the honest yeomen, the true sons of America, there was sound, healthy feeling, whilst in New York, where shiploads of discontented Europeans were disembarked every year, the pro-slavery sentiment was in the ascendancy. Solve these difficulties as we might, they were facts, and the Americans did not thank us for them (hear, hear). Whatever might be the political or military issue of the war, he hoped the voice of England would be raised against the policy of recognizing any nation which came to us with the chains of the slave clanging in her hands (loud applause). As a political question, however, he did not hesitate to say that he viewed the rebellion as one of the darkest political crimes which had ever been committed (hear, hear). He was not insensible to the faults of America, but it must be remembered that she had not had the long centuries of discipline which had helped to form the solid character of England. She was passing now through a dark and painful educational process, and would, he hoped and believed, come from the fire more powerful for every form of good than she had ever yet been (loud cheers).

The resolution, after a few words from Mr. Huntingdon, was carried unanimously.

Mr. Maxwell moved, and the Rev. W. Hawkins, minister of Trinity-square Chapel, seconded, the following resolution: "That this meeting cordially sympathizes with the friends of emancipation in America, rejoices in the progress already effected, and fervently hopes that freedom and peace may soon be established throughout both the Northern and Southern States, and that England and America, in cordial alliance, may labor together in promoting liberty, civilization and religion throughout the world."

William Andrew Jackson, the escaped coachman of Jefferson Davis, addressed the meeting in support of the resolution, and was received with immense applause. After expressing his gratitude for the hearty welcome tendered to him, he said he had lived twenty-nine years and six months in slavery, and was just thirty years of age. He had experienced both good and bad usage, but had from his earliest days longed to gain his freedom. It was false to say that the slaves as a class did not desire freedom. They had been praying four years for the election of an Abolitionist for President. Hundreds and thousands had escaped since Mr. Lincoln came into office. Jefferson Davis had hired him of a Mr. W. A. Tyler as coachman, at the rate of $250 a year, and had given security for $800 in the event of his escaping. That money would have to be paid if he did not return on the 25th of the present month (laughter). He had written to Jefferson Davis telling him he was sorry to put him to the trouble of paying the money, as he knew money was very scarce in the South (renewed laughter). He also told him that he had not taken a drop of intoxicating drink since he had been in England—proving that, though a slave, he was able to take care of himself (cheers). He asked for the sympathy of Englishmen on behalf of his brethren in bondage, and of those who were fighting for their freedom. He looked forward to the 1st of January as a day of jubilee (loud cheers). [The above is a mere outline of Jackson's speech, which, though delivered in a thorough genuine negro manner, indicated the possession of no small amount of common sense, intelligence and humor.]

The resolution was then carried, and a vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr. Chesson, having been passed to the Chairman, the meeting broke up shortly before eleven o'clock.

THE JUBILEE IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Herald.

HILTON HEAD, S. C., Jan. 3, 1863.

IN accordance with the address of Gen. Saxton to the colored people of the Department of the South, the negroes in this vicinity celebrated the 1st of January with all the zeal and animation which bright promises of freedom could inspire. Camp Saxton, the headquarters of the First South Carolina regiment, was the scene of a demonstration of a purely African character—no less than from three to four thousand of the dusky natives having assembled, in company with their Commanding General and various dignitaries of the humanitarian school, to participate in the celebration of their emancipation. Early in the day the contrabands commenced flocking to the ground. They came singly, in pairs and in squads, leaving plantations without field hands, wharves and depots void of laborers, and mess-rooms bereft of servants. Toward the middle of the day the steamer Boston, which Gen. Brannan kindly loaned for the occasion, reached the landing, and deposited a freight of several hundred sable visitors from Hilton Head, while Gen. Saxton's steamer Flora arrived from Beaufort with a cargo of negroes to the number of a thousand. These additions to the crowd previously collected constituted one of the most motley assemblages of which it is possible to conceive. There were the young and the old, of all shades, sizes and costumes; ancient domestics, feebly tottering up the grassy slope, bewildered with the glory by which they were surrounded; antiquated aunties, done up in turbans, tickled and curtseying to every one they met; gay and gaudy yellow girls, decorated with superabundant jewelry, and flashing their smiles profusely on the gay and gallant youths around them; toothless crones, furiously sucking their black pipes; young mothers, not only of the present, but of the future tense, the former violently hushing their babes, and the latter appearing painfully destitute of crinoline; while here and there gleamed the bayonet and glowed the red breeches of a South Carolina volunteer. With some delay these incongruous elements were formed in procession, and, with the band of the Eighth Maine regiment at their head, moved out to the spacious live oak grove, wherein, in olden times, the family of one of the wealthiest planters in Beaufort district had their pleasure grounds and pastimes. The day was bright and beautiful, and the green leaves and pendant moss that here and there intervened between soil and sunlight lent to the spot an air like that of Indian summer.

In the centre of the grove a stand had been erected. Here were seated Gen. Saxton, Chaplain French, the Rev. Dr. Peck, Col. Higginson, and numerous other personages. Around this locality the crowd distributed itself as best it could. After music by the band, the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln and the "New Year's Greeting" of Gen. Saxton were read by the Rev. Dr. Brisbane, one of the Tax Commissioners for this State. This gentleman was twenty-seven years ago a resident of Beaufort, but, having tired of Southern life, sold his slaves and removed to the Far West. There he became so thorough and complete an Abolitionist as to return to his former home with the purpose of repurchasing his servants and setting them free. This he succeeded in accomplishing, save in the case of one favorite and likely boy, whose whereabouts he was unable to trace, and after thus impoverishing himself again went to Wisconsin. A few weeks since he arrived in Beaufort as one of the South Carolina Tax Commissioners, and among the earliest to recognize and greet him was the old slave whose destiny he had failed, more than a quarter of a century ago, to ascertain. Of course he found him enjoying the liberty he had sought to procure for him. The reading of the proclamation and address was followed by the singing of an ode composed for the occasion, by Professor J. C. Zachos, of Antioch College:

ODE FOR EMANCIPATION DAY, JANUARY 1, 1863.

AIR—"*Scots Wha' Ha'.*"

Ye sons of burning Afric's soil,
Lift up your hands of hardened toil;
Your shouts from every hill recoil—
To-day you are free!
A mighty arm has struck your chain,
The same that broke a tyrant's reign,
And took the Lion by beard and mane
Beneath his knee.

To-day you hear a nation's voice,
To-day you have the glorious choice
Forever, ever, to rejoice
In freedom's reign;
Or, ground to earth as fearful slaves,
Your thirsting soul forever craves
To find dishonorable graves
From earthly pain.

The sun of liberty's first ray
Reveals a shining throng's array;
Millions unborn to hail this day—
The day you are free!
They spread their shadowy hands to you:
"O, fathers! to your sons be true;
Snatch us the fruit that early grew
On Liberty's tree!"

Oh! Abraham Lincoln, thanks to you,
From every Christian heart you drew
The grand, the beautiful, the true,
And sent it down
To gladden, to uplift our hearts,
To give the life that hope imparts,
The joy of dawn when night departs,
And veils its frown.

We hail this dawn of future days;
And God's right arm that still upstays
The cheering sun's perpetual rays,
Now makes us free.
We thank the Lord, we thank the North,
Whose breath hath sent the tidings forth;
To-day a people's glorious birth—
To-day we are free!

Next came the presentation of a stand of colors, donated by the members of Dr. Cheever's Church, in New York city, and bearing the embroidered inscription:

"The Year of Jubilee has Come."

Chaplain French did the presentation speech, immediately after which the negroes struck up the tune of "America," swelling forth the national anthem in a manner which did great credit to their late vocal instructors. Col. Higginson received the colors in behalf of the regiment, delivering in reply to Mr. French an address full of flowery language and hope for the African. He closed his speech by calling up two darkies whom he had selected as color bearers, and handing over to them the flags under which he hoped the regiment was yet to win freedom for their brethren in bondage and renown for themselves. The latter then complied with their Colonel's request, and favored the audience with speeches which, in the broad *patois* of the plantation were less intelligible to the whites, but more enthusiastically received by the blacks, than the remarks of their predecessors. Speeches were also made by Gen. Saxton, who hoped that flags for negro regiments would continue to arrive until the whole South should lie under their shadow; by Mrs. Frances D. Gage, who occupied the rostrum for a half hour in rehearsing the story of the insurrection in the Danish West Indies, and who told the negroes that if they only knew their power, they might make themselves free in a single day; and by Mr. Stickney, one of the Tax Commissioners for Florida.

The exercises over, the crowd adjourned to the parade ground of the regiment—the blacks to partake of a barbecue of twelve roasted oxen and illimitable quantities of hard tack, washed down with sweetened water, and the whites to witness the demolition and consumption of the edibles.

A NEW TYPE OF CONSERVATISM.

IN his address at the Cooper Institute, recently, the Rev. Dr. Porter, editor of *The Christian Intelligencer*,* said that he had been content to be numbered among those who were styled Conservatives. Now, more than ever before, he wished to be so placed. He wanted to conserve the Bible in its integrity, and be permitted to believe that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth. He wanted to conserve the government of this country on the basis of the Constitution as it was, before politicians had made it of none effect by their pro-slavery traditions. He wanted to conserve the Union, not to be a gigantic taskmaster, but a beneficent protector of all within its bounds. He wanted to conserve our institutions, all except one—and that must be plucked up by the roots, if the nation intends to live and transmit the blessings of liberty to future generations. Since traitor lips had insulted the flag of our nationality and traitor hands had fired hostile guns against Fort Sumter, there had been one hope ever in his heart and one prayer daily offered—as slavery had begotten the war now desolating our land, that slavery might perish by the war. To this conclusion he believed that Christian conservatism had come, at a bound, the moment that slaveholders undertook in the interest of slavery to destroy the institutions of freedom. Events indicate such to have been and to be the conclusions of Divine Providence. Man proposes—God disposes. The Cabinet in Washington came through many lessons of adversity to perceive that a military necessity required the exercise of justice and mercy toward an oppressed and down-trodden race. And so at length the President put a trumpet to his lips and has been preparing himself for three months to signalize the advent of 1863, by proclaiming liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabinants thereof. He believed that thus, and thus only, could the rights of humanity be conserved, the nation saved, and Christian freedom maintained and perpetuated. It will be a year of jubilee. The Atlantic will shout to the Mississippi, and the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, that the acceptable year of the Lord hath come.—*Tribune.*

* This paper—the organ of the Dutch Reformed Church—has been preëminent for bitter hostility to the Anti-Slavery Movement.—*Ed. Standard.*

SYSTEM OF LABOR ON THE PLANTATIONS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

ORDER OF THE MILITARY GOVERNOR.

HEADQUARTERS, BEAUFORT, S. C.,
December 20, 1862.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 12.—The following system of labor for the cultivation of the plantations in this Department, having been proposed by the Superintendents of the Second Division, is adopted by the entire Department, and all the Superintendents are hereby directed to conform strictly to its requirements.

1. The negroes are to be responsible for planting and cultivating sufficient corn and potatoes for their own subsistence. For this purpose, land will be allotted to them as follows:

To each working hand, one acre and two tasks for corn; two tasks for potatoes.

To each child, one task for corn; one-quarter task for potatoes.

The allotments to be made in such field or fields as the Superintendent may select; but in such manner that, when all the tasks in any field or fields are allotted, they shall be contiguous one to another, so as to avoid intermediate spaces of uncultivated land.

The plowing on these allotted tasks is to be done by the use of the plows and oxen, mules or horses of the plantation, and to be conducted by a plowman appointed by the Superintendent, and acting under his direction exclusively. The distribution of manure, which is to be furnished by the negroes, also to be made by the use of the carts and working animals of the plantation. The plowman to act as cartman when his services are not needed in plowing, and to be responsible to the Superintendent for the care of the plows and working animals, and to be paid for his services at the rate of thirty cents a day.

2. In exchange for the use of the government lands and working animals, and the services of the plowman, the negroes are to plant and cultivate, in addition to the allotments above stated, as many acres of land as will produce corn enough for the subsistence of the plantation mules and horses, for the use of the Superintendent of the District in which the plantation is situated, and also for the subsistence of old or disabled persons for whom no other provision can be made. This additional land is to constitute a part of the negro allotments, or to be annexed *pro rata* to each, and to be at the rate of six acres for every mule or horse belonging to the plantation or used by the Superintendent—one acre for the Superintendent himself, one acre and a half for the plowman, and one acre for every old or disabled person.

When the crop of corn is gathered in, each negro is to contribute, for the purposes mentioned, such a part of the total produce of that negro's allotment as will make the portion contributed bear the same relation to the total produce that the land annexed, as aforesaid, bears to the entire allotment.

3. For the raising of cotton, the negroes are to agree as to the number of tasks or acres they will each plant and cultivate, and these tasks or acres will be allotted in such field or fields as the Superintendent may select, but in such manner that, when all the tasks or acres in any field or fields are allotted, they shall be contiguous one to another, so as to avoid intermediate spaces of uncultivated land.

The negroes will be paid for work done on the cotton fields at the rate of twenty-five cents a day; the following standards to be used in determining what shall constitute a fair day's work:

In plowing, three acres.

In listing, without the use of the plow, in light land, one task and a half; in heavy land, one task.

In listing, after the ground has been broken by a plow, two tasks.

In banking, when no plowing is done, one task and a half; when a plow is used, two tasks.

In planting, four tasks, or one acre.

In the first hoeing, two tasks.

In the first hauling, two tasks.

In the second hoeing, two tasks.

In the second hauling, two tasks.

In the third hauling, when needed as in light land, two tasks.

For picking the cotton the negroes will be allowed two and one-half cents per pound as picked, or weighed with the seed; a part of this allowance, say one-half a cent, to be regarded as payment for the labor of picking, and the remaining two cents as additional to the daily wages, and offered to encourage faithful and thorough cultivation.

If any negro fails to do the work required to be done on his task, within a given time specified by the Superintendent, he is to call in such other laborers as he may select to do that work, and pay them for it instead of the person to whom the task was alotted.

If any negroes, able to labor in the cotton fields, or to perform the general plantation work, should decline doing so, and should at the same time occupy houses or cultivate lands on the plantation, they shall pay a rent, to be determined by the Superintendent, but not to exceed two dollars per month for each house, and the land allotted to such negroes, according to the above regulations.

4. The foreman on the plantation will have the general oversight, under the direction of the Superintendent, of all work done in the cotton fields, and will make a true report to the Superintendent, from day to day, of any delinquencies that may fall under his notice. He will also have charge of the plantation buildings and implements, and see that the plowman takes proper care of the working animals, and that the field-minder attends to his special duties. For this service, when it occupies all his time, he will be paid at a rate not exceeding ten dollars a month, and, when he does not give his whole time to this service, his wages will be reduced at the discretion of the Superintendent.

5. Mechanics, field-minders, cattle-minders, cartmen, boatmen, nurses, and others engaged in necessary job-work on the plantation, will be employed and paid as at present. By order of

R. SAXTON, Brig.-Gen. and Military Governor.
S. WILLARD SAXTON, Capt. and A. A. A.-Gen.

SLAVERY IN LOUISIANA.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 28, 1862.

THE most difficult part to manage, not only here but wherever the Union armies have made a sure footing, is the redoubtable question of the 1st of January proclamation. In his address to the people of Louisiana, dated Dec. 24, Gen. Banks calls attention to the fact "that the State of Louisiana has not yet been designated by the President as in rebellion, nor any part thereof, and that it has complied with all the conditions of the proclamation respecting representation."

If we are to conclude from this that slavery is, therefore, to continue in Louisiana after the 1st of January, the simple question is, whether there is not one deeply-interested party who may put in *their* veto to such an arrangement. I mean the *slaves themselves.* Now, if, on the 2d of January, Sambo is called to work and says flatly he won't go, until some understanding is come to as to what wages he is to get for his labor, who is to compel him, and how? Surely not our soldiers with fixed bayonets; for, apart from the reluctance that our Northern soldiers would feel to being converted into mere negro-catchers and overseers, the President's proclamation distinctly says: "No encouragement will be given to laborers to desert their employers; but *no authority exists to compel them to return.*" The masters would not dare—even if they had the power—to attempt coercion in the present state of feeling among the colored population, for that would be to kindle, with their own hands, the hellish flames of insurrection. Who, then, is to do it? Clearly, nobody.

I told you before, and here repeat it, that slavery is, at this moment, dead and past all resurrection in the State of Louisiana, the death-wound having been inflicted by that patriot who came all the way from the banks of the James River to have the honor of firing the first gun against the flag of his country at Fort Sumter. It is true that the defunct limbs of the creature may be galvanized for a while into the semblance of life in the northern cotton regions of the State, where we have not yet fully penetrated; but it will be only a semblance. All the importunities of the Border State Senators, all the counter-proclamations of the President (if he could even be induced to issue them), can never now undo what the unholy authors of this war have long since themselves made *un fait accompli.* They have themselves unwittingly afforded the slaves of Southern Louisiana an opportunity they might for ages have been denied—of tasting of the fruit of liberty. The scales have, for weal or woe, already fallen from their eyes, and no mortal power can now, I sincerely believe, ever bring them back again to their original state of—what we were told to believe—blissful and contented ignorance.

Nobody understands this better than the planters themselves, for I have conversed with several upon the subject. On the very morning that Gen. Banks's proclamation was issued I had the pleasure of being introduced to one of the wealthiest and most influential landed proprietors in this region, a venerable, kind-hearted and fascinating old gentleman. I was gradually drawn into a conversation with him and another, upon this most difficult and delicate of subjects, and was as much charmed as astonished at the calm, reasonable and dispassionate manner in which they entered into and discussed, with me, the very marrow of the question.

This old gentleman and his companion both very frankly confessed to me that they look upon the slaves of Louisiana as now virtually free, and that the only course now open is to boldly and immediately inaugurate some system of free labor among the negroes, before these magnificent plantations go to utter ruin. "Look at this proclamation"—said the old man—"of what use is it to us? We are told, in one breath, that Louisiana is still a slave State, and that our slaves are to stick to us if they wish;—but the boys *don't wish;*—and Gen. Banks admits that the government won't *compel them.*"

I confessed that it seemed a very awkward position to be placed in.

"For my own part," he continued, "it is not the *paying* the servants that I care about, for, by the experiments that I have seen made, I believe it possible to work with free labor, and turn it to as good account as we did under the old mode of payment, viz.: making ourselves responsible for the individual care and protection of our servants. But then we need some protection; we should have some guarantee, from the civil or military arm, that those we employ will fulfil their contracts, and not leave capital to suffer exclusively."

I timidly ventured the suggestion that although the United States government might not choose to interpose between master and slave, I should think some means—under a free system of labor—of compelling men to fulfil their just obligations; that inasmuch as we have laws among ourselves for coercing vagrants and vagabonds, and inasmuch as the white soldier and sailor are compelled to obey the laws which govern them, so it might be not only possible but right to establish rules for forcibly regulating free colored labor.

The old gentleman then went off into a general and very interesting disquisition upon slavery, to which I listened most attentively.

He enlarged upon the former happy state of the slave; described to me his own humane mode of treating those under him, and how contented they were with their position before the war broke out; all of which he assured me was the rule and not the exception among the sugar plantations—a statement which I sincerely believed. He then touched upon the lamentable ignorance that had existed in the North respecting the whole institutions of the South; deprecated, in an earnest, gentlemanly manner, the bad results which he attributed entirely to that ignorance—and wound up by giving me such a picture of the utter disorganization of Southern society, that I really—for the moment—lost sight of all other issues, in sheer sympathy for the speaker and the many other good and liberal masters that I am sure he represents.

Touched by his recital and emboldened by his communicative manner, I said, very respectfully:

"But, my dear sir, with such a picture of social disorganization before you, confessing, as you do, that you have neither the power to coerce your servants to labor, or win them back, by affectionate treatment, to their former state—why not lead this movement *yourselves*, and, like the bulrush in the fable, bend safely to the passing storm, instead of standing defiantly, like the proud oak, only to be torn up by the roots? Why not free the slaves yourselves, and take refuge in the Union, that is awaiting you with open arms?"

"Impossible!" he exclaimed; "that could never be."

"But why? Are there not many who, like you, are able to take a calm and philosophic view of the present state of events, and willing to adapt themselves to what they can no longer control?"

"Very—very few. I know men, of princely estates, who have already shut them up and left them; preferring to abandon them to weeds and desolation, rather than even rent or sell them, or yield the point from which they started."

"But that is downright ruin," I said.

"So it is," he replied, with a meaning shrug of the shoulder; and all of us instinctively feeling that we had pushed the conversation as far as it could go, let it drop.

I came away more impressed than ever with the hopeless condition of slavery upon this continent, but without one idea more as to how this fearful struggle is to end. I felt as if I had, during the last hour, been gazing upon one of those vast prairies on fire, where the whole horizon is wrapped in lurid flame, and which nothing can stop until it has fairly *burnt itself out.*

CHARACTER AND CONDITION OF THE FREEDMEN.

TESTIMONY OF MRS. F. D. GAGE.

[Part of a letter to *The Tribune*, dated Beaufort, S. C., Dec. 26.]

I HAVE received letters and circulars from different parts of the free States, asking for information regarding the emancipated slaves of this region.

Are they willing to work? Do they save earnings? What are their habits as to profanity, intemperance, chastity? Do they desire to go North? Do they desire to learn? How many could read when first entering our lines? How many now? What is their capacity to learn compared with other children? To what extent are they religiously developed? Are they docile, subordinate, etc.? Are they revengeful? Would they cut their masters' throats? and other like questions are propounded.

Oh, friends! what questions you ask. If you should send to Mr. Greeley, Dr. Cheever, or Henry Ward Beecher to give you answers to the same questions about the character and conditions of the poor and ignorant of New York city, what do you think they would tell you?

There are about 17,000 of these newly-freed men in this immediate Department. Some are willing to work—some imagine freedom to be only rest from toil. Most of us feel that they do better than could be expected. Some are very industrious.

A few are very saving; many are like children—spend all you give, and very unwisely; much like other people in that.

They do not desire to go North: not one in a hundred. [I have not found one.]

Give them half a chance here, and every one will linger near the home of his or her birth. I have met them on Port Royal, St. Helena, Hilton Head, Amelia and St. Simon's Islands. I have met them by thousands and seen them by hundreds on the plantations, on the streets, on the wharves, on the steamers, at their homes, and in their row-boats, indeed in almost every possible condition, and I have yet to hear the first oath. They make exclamations, such as "Jesus" or "My God," more in tones of supplication and reverence than in that of profanity. No intemperance is allowed, and amid all I have seen not one colored drunken man has made me blush for humanity. What they might do with freedom, I cannot say. Probably somewhat as white officers do, which would be bad enough. Soldiers and negroes are not allowed the luxury of intemperance. Nine-tenths of the teachers declare their aptitude for learning equal to that of any white children of uncultivated parents. When first they came within our lines, it was doubtful whether one in fifty—some say not one in a hundred—could read. Where there has been three months steady schooling, nearly all know their alphabet. Many can spell out words, and a few can read a little. Still, within six weeks there have been but a very few schools out of the city, and even the supply is not one-quarter equal to the demand now.

They are for the most part docile, subordinate and gentle. They are not quick. Slavery has made them slow, subtle, watchful, jealous. They speak false often, because they have had through life to dodge blows and censure; habits of years are not easily broken. They are not revengeful, but talk of old master and mistress with words of affection, in most instances, but start with alarm at the mere mention of their ever coming back to claim them.

Some are shrewd, make money in many ways, and turn a penny almost equal to a Yankee.

The poultry has always been acknowledged their legitimate right; and all the egg and chicken money was theirs, with good masters. Soldiers and gunboat men ransacked our island—Paris—for poultry for Christmas, and though there seemed to be chickens, ducks and turkeys enough, the women would not sell one. Even Superintendents could not, for love or money, get a Christmas chick. "Eggs is worth fifty cents a dozen, massa. Can't spare 'em now, sir; wants 'em for breed." They have learned this branch well—will learn others in time.

They are all emotionally religious; all their songs are religious. They look to God and to Jesus in all their trials. "Thank God" every time they meet you. I met an old woman to-day who had heard of the rebel victory at Fredericksburg, and of the slaughter of our gallant soldiers. "What matter," said she, rolling her eyes to heaven, "won't do 'em no good. This am God's war, and He'll make 'em right next time."

As to chastity, our only wonder is, that they have any. But they are not lacking—a large proportion seem true and good. Yet, all are not.

As to how they would compare with poor whites, I can only say that in much they would be superior—in much inferior. But no comparison can be made as between the condition of freedmen and slaves—white men and black. The latter robbed of every right, though despised for his color as a thing, and even by his best friends avoided and shunned, though he may have all, honesty, industry, piety and virtue. Nothing gives him courage or hope; white men under such conditions, if such a thing could be, would come out of the fiery ordeal much lower in manners and morals than these children of oppression.

Do they steal? Some of them steal in detail, while all around them white men are stealing by wholesale. Dinah declares she "neber see your hankercher," and Toby grows indignant at the imputation that he took your old boots, while Mr. Snap is smuggling whiskey into his sutler's stall, and Major Spicum is cheating the government on rations.

Sue takes your neck-ribbon, and her mistress, the officer's wife, has a six hundred dollar piano smuggled on board a steamer bound North, and says sneeringly, "Who cares for the government?"

After ten weeks of close observation of the manners, customs, and habits of these people, I come to the conclusion that they are intensely human, and that they need only the training and guardianship that other persons equally ignorant would require from those above them in culture and wealth (allowing always for the prejudices of society), to take their places in the community, to made them able to maintain their freedom and themselves.

As to the success of the experiment, as it is called, little can be said. One year is not time enough to decide, with any precision, on such a momentous question. Especially such a year of war, prejudice, confusion and devastation. Yet enough has been done to make those who